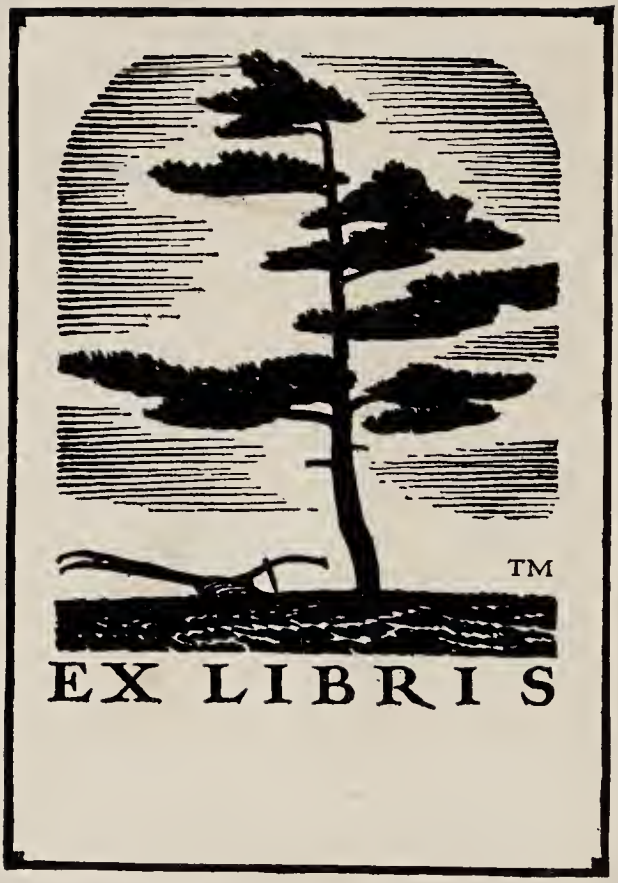
Canadian Singers

and

Their Songs

BY

EDWARD S. CASWELL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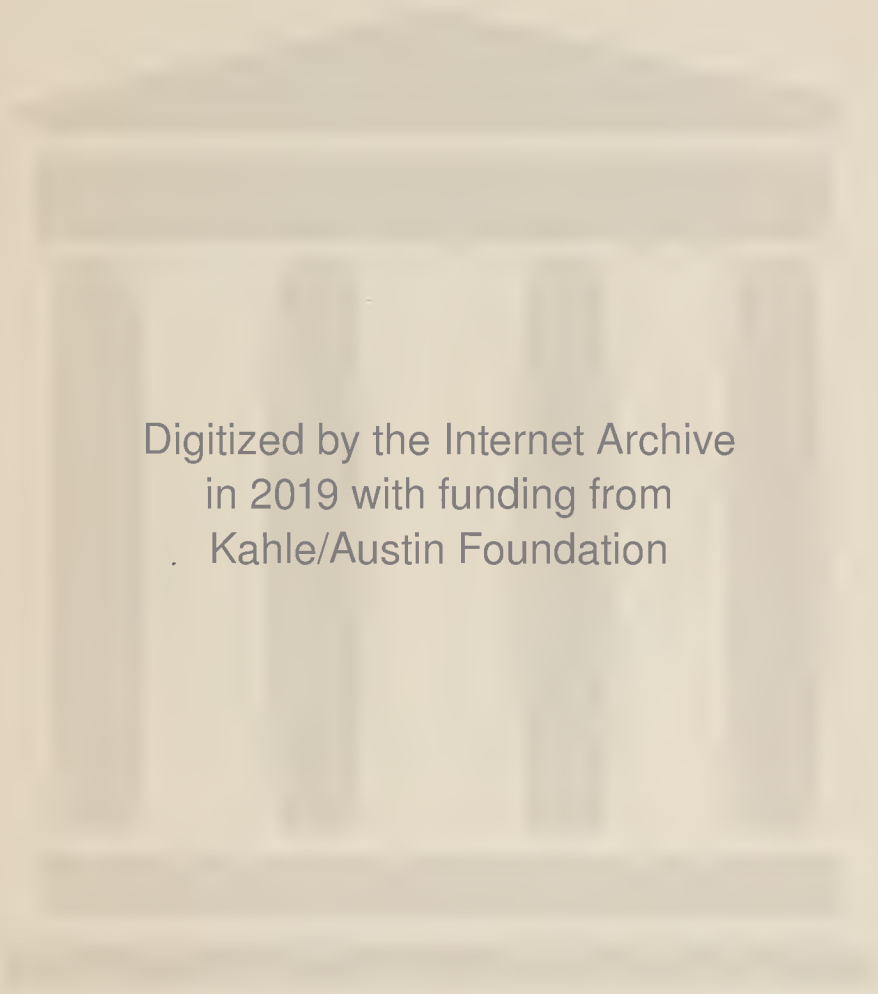

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CHARLES SANGSTER

Author of *The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay and Other Poems, Hesperus and Other Poems,* etc.

Canadian Singers *and* Their Songs

A Collection *of* Portraits, Autograph Poems *and* Brief Biographies ::: ::: :::

by EDWARD S. CASWELL

McCLELLAND & STEWART
PUBLISHERS - - TORONTO

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Printed in Canada

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Foreword to Second Edition

IN presenting to the public this "portrait gallery" of Canadian poets—an enlargement of a brochure published some sixteen years ago—the Editor does not claim to have included in it all who might be considered entitled to admission. Criticism doubtless will be made in some cases, on the ground either of inclusion or exclusion, but it is believed that the collection will be recognized as fairly representative of this department of Canadian literature. In the decade and a half which has passed since the publication of the first edition many strong, clear voices have joined the national chorus, and the Editor deems himself fortunate in having secured contributions from so many of these new singers.

The reader will not be surprised to observe how largely the Great War is reflected in these pages. A special interest attaches to the poems of Lieut.-Col. McCrae, Major Langstaff and Lieut. Trotter. The death of these gallant officers, while it has enriched the country's honor-roll of achievement and sacrifice, has at the same time robbed our literature of the riper product of powers rich in promise.

No apology need be made for giving to Charles Sangster the distinctive place he holds in the book. He has been called the "Father of Canadian Poetry," and there are few who will differ with the late Dr. Dewart in his estimate of Sangster's genius as "more truly Canadian than that of any other poet of distinction in this Province." For the photograph the Editor is indebted to Mr. Rod Sangster, of Montreal, a son of the poet; and for the poem to the late Mr. Charles H. Gould, M.A., Librarian of McGill University, to which institution the manuscript poems of Sangster, revised shortly before his death, were committed for keeping.

Through the kindness of Mrs. A. M. Tremaine, of this city, the Editor was permitted the use of a slight M.S. book of poems of Joseph Scriven, author of "What a Friend we have in Jesus," on the inside of the back cover of which the poet had inscribed what without doubt would seem to be the first draft of his famous hymn. This little paper-bound book, comprising ten pages of poems written by his own hand, was given by the author to Mrs. Tremaine's father, the late John Charles Benett, of Brantford, in the early '50's. Scriven was then living in that city, where for a time he conducted a private school for children, of which school Mrs. Tremaine in her early childhood was a pupil. The hymn as reproduced here (p. 187), it will be noticed, not only differs in some of the lines from the version in use to-day, but is lacking eight lines of the latter. There would seem to be no doubt that it is the hymn as originally composed by the author. As beyond question the best-known piece of Canadian literature, it is well worthy of a place in this collection.

Sincere thanks are due to the writers and to the friends of deceased writers whose generous co-operation has made this publication possible; also to the several publishers who have consented to the use of copyrighted poems. The kindly response from all quarters has made the task of collection, somewhat arduous in itself, a very real pleasure throughout. Acknowledgment also is gratefully made of the valuable assistance received from Mrs. Jean Blewett and Miss Helena Coleman. It is hoped that the taste here given may serve to whet the appetite of the reader for a closer acquaintance with the work of the writers represented in this little volume.

EDWARD S. CASWELL.

Toronto, 1919.

Preface to Third Edition

THE kindly reception given by public and press to the second edition of this book has encouraged the Publishers to venture on a third and enlarged edition. Upwards of thirty portraits and poems of representative Canadian poets have been added, including a number of the best-known French-Canadian writers.

The Editor counts himself exceedingly fortunate in having secured selections from the work of several more of the earlier writers. To Mr. J. de LaBroquerie Taché, the courteous and kindly General Librarian of the Dominion Parliament, he is indebted for the lines written by Hon. T. D'Arcy McGee in an autograph album, and to Mr. A. J. Doughty, Dominion Archivist, for the lines of Hon. Joseph Howe. Grateful acknowledgment is due also to Mr. Charles G. Fraser, of Toronto, for years a colleague of Alexander Muir, for the stanza from *The Maple Leaf*, written in his autograph album; and to Mrs. Emma L. Charlesworth, a sister of George T. Lanigan, for the lines from her album—the only fragment of Lanigan's verse in manuscript form known to exist. Diligent enquiry has failed to locate any existing lines of Judge Routhier's "O Canada," but a daughter of the poet fortunately was able to supply the selection which accompanies the portrait.

Since this work originally appeared several notable voices in the Canadian choir have been stilled, among others those of William E. Marshall, widely known and greatly beloved in his native Province of Nova Scotia; Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald, as amiable as she was accomplished;

Marjorie Pickthall, cut down just when her powers were nearing the noonday splendor; Edward William Thomson, author of *Old Man Savarin,* and whose pen produced so richly in prose and verse; Peter McArthur, the kindly philosopher of Canadian rural life; Norah M. Holland, sweet singer of songs of childhood; and the gentle invalided Albert Lozeau, whose home was a sanctuary for lovers of literature. These singers of lofty song have passed on, but to us they have left a rich legacy in the product of their genius.

There are names not represented in this collection which would gladly have been added had the Editor known where the necessary photographs and poems could be procured—such well-known writers as Charles Heavysege, Sir J. H. Hagarty, Prof. E. J. Chapman, Mrs. Pamelia Vining Yule, Mrs. R. A. Faulkner, Mrs. Rosanna Eleanor Leprohon, Annie L. Walker, author of the hymn *Work for the Night is Coming,* James McCarroll, John Hunter Duvar, George Frederick Cameron, Arthur Weir, Phillips Stewart, and others whose contributions have helped to build up a body of poetry of which our young country has every reason to be proud.

It is the Editor's desire and hope that the Biographical Notes which form the appendix to this new edition will serve to awaken in the reader a more immediate and intimate interest in the poets of whose work selections are here given.

EDWARD S. CASWELL.

Public Library, Toronto.

La Vooka.

The clouds roll over the pine trees,
Like waves that are charged with ire;
Golden and Tyrian hued, their crests,
Ablaze with a gorgeous fire.

The sun has gone down in splendour,
The heavens are wild with flames,
And all the horizon is burning
With colours that have no names.

And over the mighty forests
The mystical hues are spread,
Calm as the smiles of the angels,
Still as the peaceful dead.

And the lake, serene and thoughtful,
And the river, deep in dreams,
And the purple cliffs in the distance
Are robed with the glory-gleams.

Chas. Heavysege.

WILLIAM TALBOT ALLISON

Author of *The Amber Army and Other Poems.*

Sic Transit Gloria.

For what of splendor or of fame
Can vaunt itself beneath the sun?
The race of mightiest is mean,
But Nature's face is ever the same.

The secret craft of Memphian priest,
The grace of Athens, throes of Rome,
Sidonian triremes turning home,
The mellow wonder of the East,—

Who shall see them restored again?
The memory of their pride and shame
Held by the learned few, their name
Strange to the mass of modern men!

Along the great dim roads of Time,
In spite of pomp and sneering lust,
Life's caravans are blown to dust,
And only Nature moves sublime.

William Talbot Allison.

BLANCHE LAMONTAGNE-BEAUREGARD

Author of *Visions Gaspesiennes, Par nos Champs et nos Rives, Les Trois Lyres, La Vielle Maison,* etc.

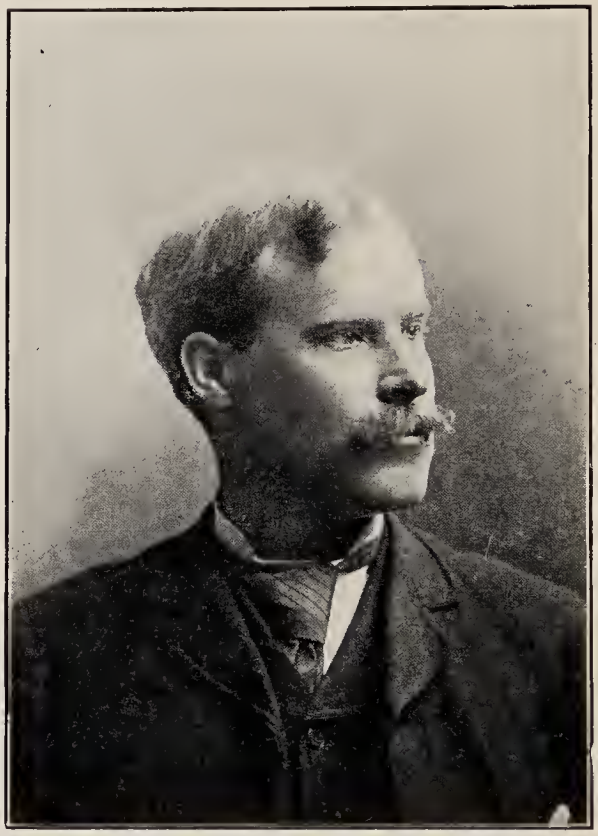
Aux Arbres

Pour la fraîcheur si douce de votre ombre,
Pour ces longs rêves dont vous êtes doués,
Pour vos bienfaits, pour vos grâces sans nombre,
Arbres, soyez loués!...

Soyez loués! Quand le vent vous effleure
Vous protégez les oiseaux et les nids;
Vous qui de froid gardez votre demeure
Arbres, soyez bénis!

Soyez bénis, abris sûrs, pas profonde,
Frais verdoyants, feuillages chatoyants;
Pour la beauté dont vous baignez le monde
Arbres, soyez aimés!!

Blanche Lamontagne-Beauregard



JOHN W. BENGOUGH

Author of *Motley, In Many Keys,* etc.

Sympathy

Beside the fresh new-rounded sod
By some dear instinct close we come,
Heart draws to heart, tho' we are dumb,
And dumbly seek to share the rod.

We do not know what is to be,
We cannot guess, we cannot see;
We can but stand and wait for God.

As when the winter tempests fall
With blinding snow-wreaths on the sleep,
And clouds and darkness dread appall,
What can they do, th' unknowing sheep,
But gather close and silence keep,
And listen for the Shepherd's call.

J. W. Bengough

MARY JOSEPHINE BENSON

Author of *My Pocket Beryl, Leaves along the Wind,* etc.

Noon-Day on Lake Ontario.

The Sun strode laughing through the unguarded Heavens.
His darts that dealt mortality but yesterday to the clouds,
Now idle, sportive, he shook at the fugitives herded on the horizon,
Fainting afar to the limbo of Forms Forgotten.
Oh, fiercely merry he rattled his half-full quiver
And into the sea-broad Lake, a sapphire fable,
He spilled ten thousand arrow-heads of glory!
So quenched he his ire and took his Victor's pleasure.

I saw the Lake leap up like Love's quick bosom
At every barb's keen point a mortal splendor—
A wound, a star, a diadem of rainbows!
Ten thousand pangs the ecstatic water suffered;
Ten thousand shafts rained down through panting ether.
So marched the Conqueror-Wanton through his zenith.

Mary Josephine Benson.

JEAN BLEWETT

Author of *Heart Songs, The Cornflower and Other Poems, Jean Blewett's Poems,* etc.

Love's Lesson.

Put self behind, turn tender eyes,
Keep back the words that hurt and sting,
We learn when sorrow makes us wise,
Forbearance is the grandest thing.

Be patient! Lest some day we turn
Our eyes on loved one fast asleep
In death, and whisper as we yearn:
"How often I have made you weep!
"Some loved you not; and words let fall
That must have pierced your gentle breast,
But I—who loved you best of all—
Did hurt you more than all the rest!"

One lesson let us keep in mind,
To hold our dear ones close and fast—
Since loyal hearts are hard to find—
And Life and Love so soon are past.

Jean Blewett.

ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

Author of *Laurentian Lyrics, Lyrics from the Hills*, etc.

Immortality

They are not dead, the soldier and the sailor,
Fallen for Freedom's sake;
They merely sleep with faces that are paler
Until they wake.

They will not weep, the mothers, in the years
The future will decree;
For they have died that the battles and the tears
Should cease to be.

They will not die, the victorious and the slain,
Sleeping in foreign soil,
They gave their lives, but to the world is the gain
Of their sad toil.

They are not dead, the soldier and the sailor,
Fallen for Freedom's sake;
They merely sleep with faces that are paler
Until they wake.

Arthur S. Bourinot.

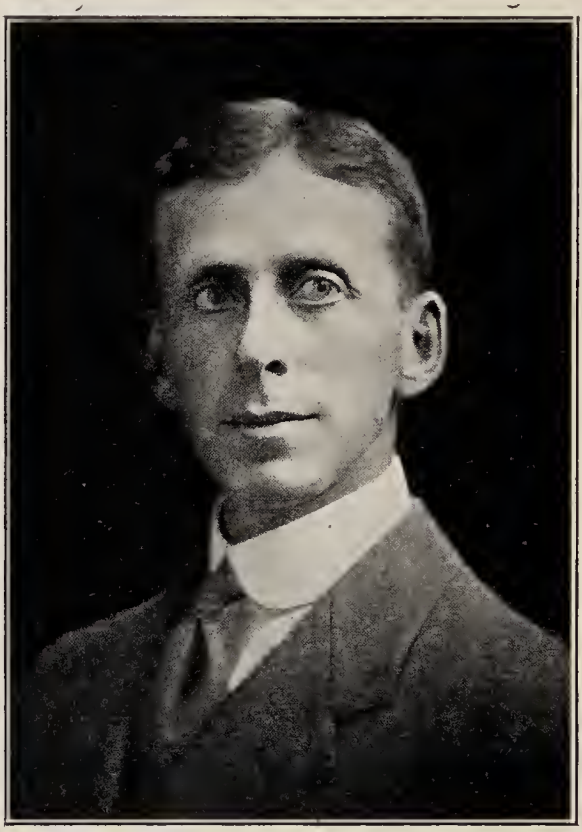
REUBEN BUTCHART

The Hero

On Queenston's hill we reared the lofty shrine
Where sleeps thy fiery heart, our gallant Brock;
Our many-voiced acclaim shall here unlock
Time's chest of honor, proffering what is thine.
Thy name is with the glorious names that shine
O'er War's red flood, a beacon on a rock.
Thy soul, which bore its hour's consummate shock,
All-valorous thou didst to fame consign.

Sheathed be the blade, nor seek through blood a name.
Thy foes are of thy household; mingled life
Through hourly needs there rings the vital strife
With doubt and sin, the lust of honor, shame:
O soul, live greatly; thy self-conquering life
Shall breathe an inextinguishable flame.

Reuben Butchart.



FRANK O. CALL

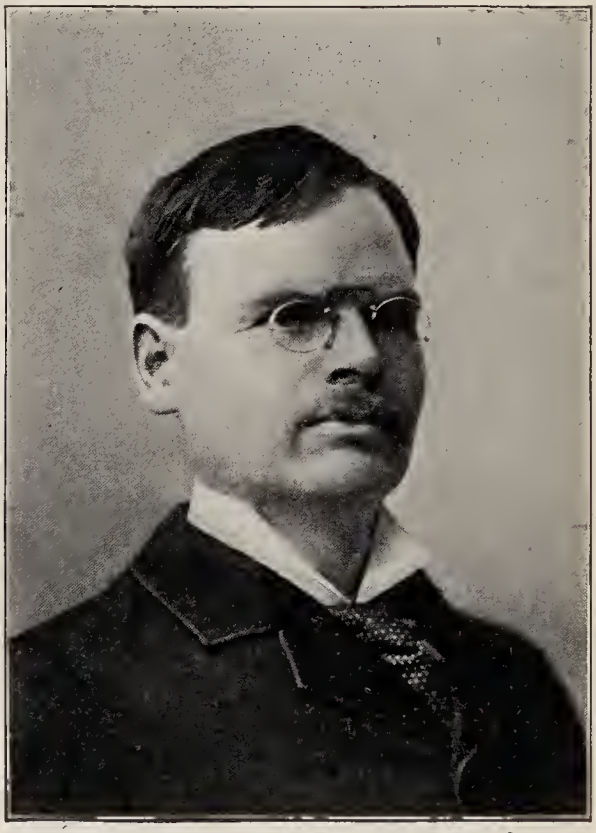
Author of *Acanthus and Wild Grape, Blue Homespun,* etc.

Calvary

The women stood and watched while thick, black night
Enclosed the awful tragedy. Afar
Three crosses stood, against a single bar
Of crimson-glowing, black-encircled light.
No hint of Easter dawn. In all the height
Of that dark heaven, not a single star
To whisper;—Love and Life the victors are.
It seemed to them that wrong had conquered night.

O ye who watch and wait, the night is long.
A curtain of grim fire and woven gloom
Across the mighty tragedy is drawn.
But soon your ears shall hear a triumph song,
And golden light shall touch each sacred tomb,
And voices shout at last—The Dawn! The Dawn!

F. O. Call.



WILFRED CAMPBELL

Author of *Lake Lyrics, The Dread Voyage, Beyond the Hills of Dreams, Sagas of Vaster Britain,* etc.

"Not Unto Endless Dark."

Not unto endless dark do we go down!
Though all the wisdom of wide earth said, yea,
Yet my fond heart would throb eternal nay.
Night, prophet of Morning, wears her starry crown,
And jewels with hope her murkiest shades that frown;
Death's doubt is kernelled in each prayer we pray,
Eternity but night in some vast day
Of God's far-off, white flame of love's renown.
Not unto endless dark! We may not know
The distant deeps to which our hopings go,
The tidal shores where ebb our fluting breath:—
But over ill and dread and doubts fell dart,
Sweet hope eternal holds the human heart,
And love laughs down the desolate dusks of death.

W. Wilfred Campbell

BLISS CARMAN

Author of *Low Tide on Grand Pré, Behind the Arras, Ballads of Lost Haven, By the Aurelian Wall, Later Poems, Ballads and Lyrics, Far Horizons,* etc.

Roadside Flowers

We are the roadside flowers,
Straying from garden grounds,
Lovers of idle hours,
Breakers of ordered bounds.

If only the earth will feed us,
If only the wind be kind,
We blossom for those who need us,
The stragglers left behind.

And lo, the Lord of the Garden,
He makes his sun to rise,
And his rain to fall like pardon
On our dusty paradise.

On us he has laid the duty,—
The task of the wandering breed,—
To better the weed with beauty,
Wherever the way may lead.

Who shall inquire of the season,
Or question the wind when it blows?
We blossom and ask no reason.
The Lord of the Garden knows.

Bliss Carman

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ELSPETH HONEYMAN CLARKE

Shakespeare

Three hundred years from now, laughter will ring
As kind in merry hearts, and lovers sing
As longingly of love, fools crack a jest
To cover wisdom, madness beat her breast,
And avarice, pride, sin, folly go their way
Till death shall end the play.

And in all these he lives — the pipes of Pan
Deep in the forest-glade; the love of man
For maiden; friendship's calm content; the pain
Of parting, and the black deed's darker stain.
Three hundred years ago he died, you say?
Ah no! He lives today.

Elspeth Hoyeman.

HELENA COLEMAN

Author of *Songs and Sonnets, Marching Men*, etc.

The Living Dead

My tears are less for the slain
On the battle of life,
I have for those that remain
Unmoored to the strife;

For those who never have claimed
The warrior's share —
Numb, frozen or flamed
With love and despair;

For hearts that know not to weep
Or kindle with scorn;
For souls still heavy with sleep
That perish unborn.

Helena Coleman.

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD

Author of *Old Spookses Pass, Malcolm's Katie,* etc., and *Collected Poems.*

"Faith, Hope and Charity."

—1.—

A star leap'd down and laid a silver hand
On the pale brow of Death—
Before it rolled black shadows from the land
The star was Faith

—2.—

Across wild storms that hid the mountains far
In funeral cope;
Piercing the black there sail'd a throbbing star,
The red star Hope!

—3.—

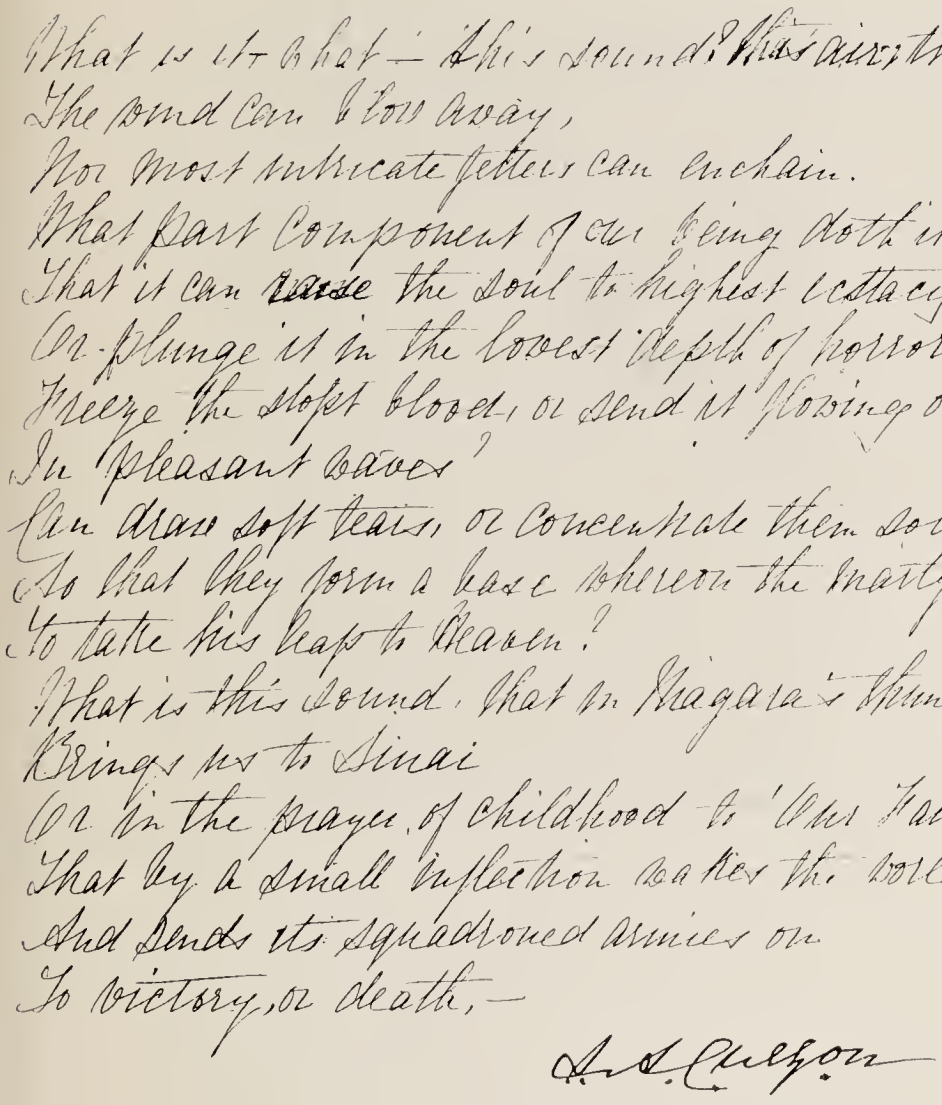
Strong God's east-palm a large sun grandly rolled
O'er land and sea
Its core pure fire, its stretching hands of gold
Great Charity!

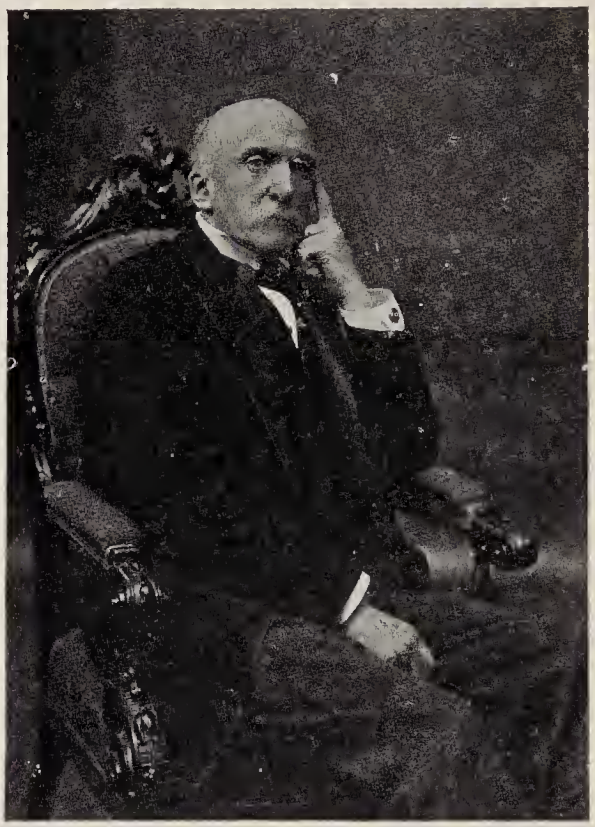
Isabella Valancy Crawford Aug 24th 83

SARAH ANN CURZON

Author of *Laura Secord, the Heroine of 1812: a Drama.*

(*From the original manuscript of "Laura Secord: a Drama of 1812."*)


What is it that – this sound this air, this breath
The wind can blow away,
Nor most intricate fetters can enchain.
What part Component of our being doth it touch.
That it can raise the soul to highest ecstacy;
Or plunge it in the lowest depth of horror!
Freeze the stoped blood, or send it glowing on
In pleasant waves?
Can draw soft tears, or concentrate them solid
So that they form a base wherein the martyr stands,
To take his leap to Heaven!
What is this sound, that in Niagara's thunders
Rings out to Sinai
Or in the prayer of childhood to 'Our Father'?
That by a small inflection can fire the world,
And sends its squadroned armies on
To victory, or death, –
A. A. Carson



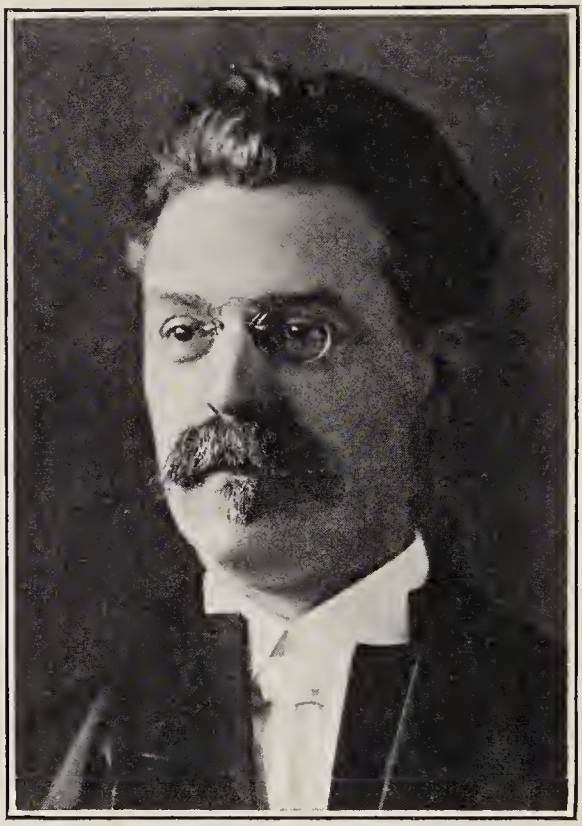
NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN

Author of *An Epic of the Dawn and Other Poems.*

Historic lights athwart thy brow are cast,
And as I gaze on thee from nights profound
Bright forms, serene, star-crowned, come crowding round,
Great fulgent outlines burning through the past.
Thou with such eyes, the sorceress of Nile —
Antiochan charmed to rest in Cæsar's heart,
And if Scotch Mary playing her hapless part,
Did it all hearts save one, turn with that smile.

See that thy beauty be no fatal dower
Nor dull the heart, nor deaden the swift mind,
Beauty not certain for a single hour —
The dazzling bird of youth no cord can bind: —
To day his lustring lithe enchantments shower
Divinity: to-morrow he's far down the morning wind.

Richd Lloyd Davies



GONZALVE DESAULNIERS

Author of *Soirees du Chateau de Ramesay, Pour la France,* etc.

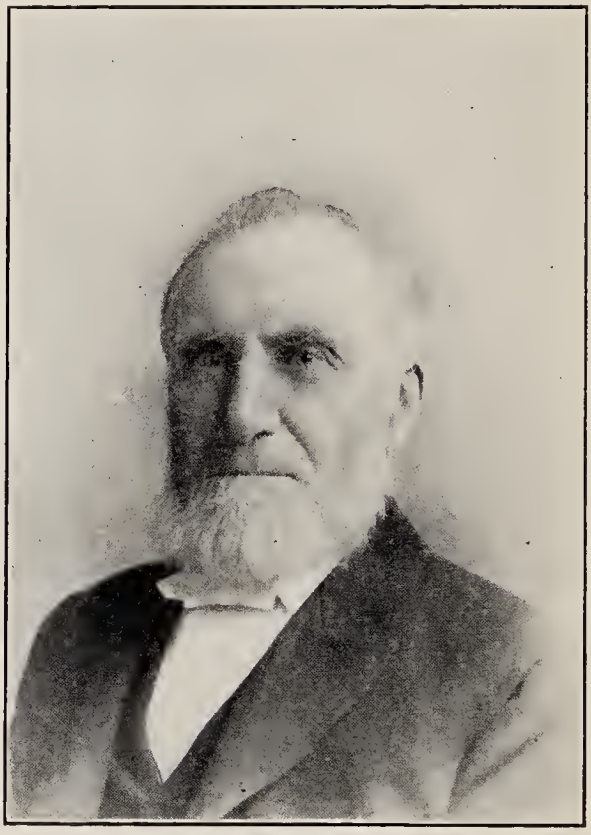
Canada

Terre des libertés,
Dans les cœurs des cités
Les cœurs t'inondent—
De fleurs et de chansons
Pour que dans les moissons
Courent les chauds frissons
Qui te fécondent

Terre des bois ombreux
Et des lacs plus nombreux
Que les étoiles
Tes rameaux infinis
Famient dans les nids
Tous les rayons bénis
Comme des voiles

Terre de mes amours,
Vers toi s'en va toujours
L'âme attendue;
Les exils les plus doux
N'auront jamais pour nous
Rien de doux comme vous
O ma Patrie!

— Gaspard Lemaire



EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART

Author of *Songs of Life;* Editor of *Selections from the Canadian Poets.*

Divine Guidance.

Lead Thou me on. My path is steep;
Beset with foes I cannot see—
Father thy child in safety keep,
My strength is all from Thee.

When clouds and darkness round me close,
And fierce temptations sorely press,
Hold Thou my hand; repel my foes;
With calm endurance bless.

Forgive my timid, faithless fears;
Let trusting love my portion be,
Till safe from conflicts, doubts, & tears,
I rest above with Thee.

E. H. Dewart.

JAMES B. DOLLARD

Author of *Irish Mist and Sunshine, Father Dollard's Poems, Irish Lyrics and Ballads,* etc.

To The Aviators of Leaside and Armour Heights

All summer long, your crowding planes
Shadowed the fields where droned the bee,
Or drowned the roar of rushing trains,
With engines purring stertorously.

Banked white against a mottled sky,
Or lifted to the noonday blaze;
Singly, or like wild geese on high,
All day ye met our marvelling gaze.

Airy as tinted dragon-flies,
One with the light and drifting wind;
So did your whirring shapes arise,
And leave the grovelling Earth behind.

Across deep lakes of molten gold
Where sunset's colours flushed and paled;—
Past purple peaks where angels fold
Their wings, your venturous pilots sailed!

And cried to us:— "Look up! Look up!
Ye blinded moles that haunt the shade—
Gaze on the Heavens' jewelled cup,
And praise the wonders God hath made!"

Cleavers of space, ye fear no foe,
The huge cloud-dragons ye out-race:
Or float serene o'er Earth below,
Like falcons poised in pride of place

Dismays of timid souls ye shame—
Your souls of fire no peril shun;
Lo! ye, like moths that dare the flame,
Would beard the Angel in the sun!

James B. Dollard

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

Author of *The Habitant, The Voyageur, Johnnie Courteau, The Great Fight, Collected Poems,* etc.

Yass, dat is de way Victoriaw fine us dis
jubilee -
Sometam we mak' fuss about voting, but it's all
on de familee -
An' wiaever dere's danger roun' her, no matter on
sea or lan'
Still fin dat her Canayens can fight de sam'
as her Englishman!

An' under de flag of Angleterre so long as dat
flag was fly,
Wit' dere English leader, let Canayens is satisfy
dere an' die -
Dats de message our fader Geev' us dem days
fallin' on Chateauguay
An' de flag was Kipin' dem safe den, dats de
way we wile Kip alway!

William Henry Drummond

Montreal —

DOUGLAS DURKIN

Author of *The Fighting Men of Canada,* etc.

A Little Philosophy

What is a world, my boy?

A little rain, a little sun,
A little shore where ripples run,
A little green upon the hill,
A little glade, a little rill,
A little day with skies above,
A little night where shadows move,
A little work for men to do,
A little play for such as you;
A passing night, a coming morn,
A coming love, a passing scorn;
A blackest cloud a little bit,
With silver on the rim of it;
A little trouble, lots of joy—
And there you have a world, my boy.

Douglas L. Durkin

HELEN MERRILL EGERTON

Bluebirds.

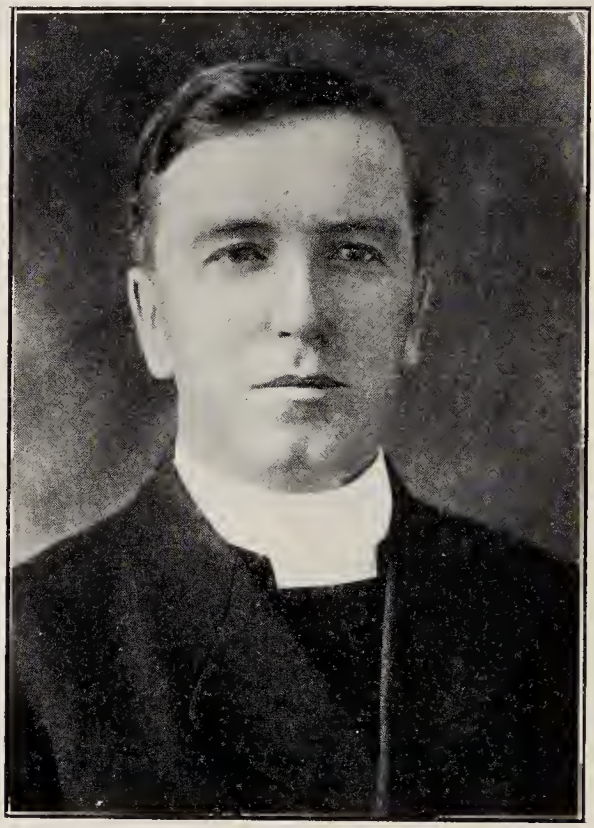
O magic music of the Spring,—
Across the morning's breezy meads
I hear the South wind in the reeds,
I hear the golden bluebirds sing.

O mellow music of the morn,—
Across the fading fields of Time
How many joyous songs are borne
From memory's enchanting clime,

I see the grasses shine with dew,
The cornflowers gleaming in the grain,
And oh! the bluebirds sing—and you?
We fare together once again.

O haunting music of the dusk,
When silent birds are on the wing
And sweet is scent of pine and musk—
Oh! as we wander hand in hand
Along the shadow-painted land,
I hear the golden bluebirds sing.

Helen Merrill Egerton



ALEXANDER LOUIS FRASER

Author of *Sonnets and Other Verses, At Life's Windows, Fugitives, The Indian Bride,* etc.

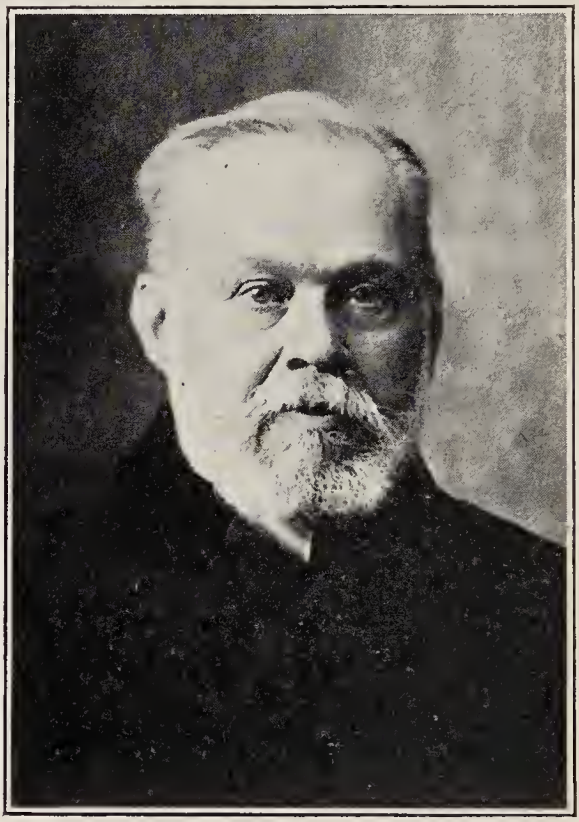
"An Unknown."

No mother wept when thou didst take thy leave,
No home hopes now in vain for thy return,
No saddened family for months shall grieve.
When from some messenger thy fate they learn.
Still thou art not unclaimed, for Britain knows
That thou didst cross the world for sake of her,
And thou, brave boy, art brother to all those
Whom freedom doth in these scarred fields inter.

What was it made thee quit thy customed task,
When War's shrill bugle woke thy quiet vale?
Wouldst thou begin anew?—In vain we ask,
But now where worth is known they bid thee, 'Hail'.

And what if to this old world thou wast strange,
Down storied fields with heroes thou dost range.

Alexander Louis Fraser.



LOUIS FRECHETTE

Author of *Fleurs Boréales et Oiseaux de Neige, Legende d'un Peuple, Feuilles Volantes, Epaves Poetiques,* etc.

Fiát voluntas!

Vous me l'aviez donné, vous me l'avez ôté,
Mon cher petit trésor, mon amour blond et rose.
Lui qui, dès seul sourire, en mes jours de névrose,
Ramenait à mon front le calme et la gaîté!

Vous me l'avez ôté, Seigneur; et quand j'arrose
De mes pleurs le berceau vide qu'il a quitté,
Je sens que le bonheur et la sérénité
Ont aussi déserté mon pauvre cœur morose.

Mon chérubin chéri, mon doux bébé mignon,
De mes vingt ans futur et dernier compagnon,
Vous me l'aviez donné dans un beau jour de fête.

Lui seul de ses regards était pour moi sans prix;
Pourquoi donc en mes bras l'avoir si tôt repris?...
Et pourtant, ô mon Dieu, ta volonté soit faite!

Louis Fréchette

PAULINE FRECHETTE

Author of *Tu m'as donné le plus doux rêve, Rayons d'Idéal, Une page de vie: a Drama.*

Mélancolie

Mon, tu n'es pas le père,
mon, tu n'es pas l'amour,
Oh, tristesse sans frère
qui m'obsède toujours!

Tu perds mon cœur mourant,
tu perds mon cœur amer,
comme un été sans pain,
comme un long soir d'hiver!

Comme une aube sans vie,
comme un jour sans soleil,
vain mélancolie
tu gâtes mon réveil!

Mon, tu n'es pas le père
mon, tu n'es pas l'amour,
oh, tristesse sans frère
qui m'obsède toujours!

Pauline Pitchette

AMELIA W. GARVIN
(KATHERINE HALE)

Author of *Grey Knitting, The White Comrade, The New Joan and Other Poems, Morning in the West,* etc.

At Noon

Thou art my tower in the sun at noon,
The shaft of shade upon my golden way,
In painted space the healing note of gray,
The undertone in nature's pagan rune;
And like a wave lashed to the dying moon
When old desire is haunting its old prey,
Thy strength subdues the forces that would slay,
And soft withdrawal brings, all starry-strewn.

So doth the soul return to Truth's strong tower,
Pilgrim secure at last of its abode,
Hearing that voice as beautiful as morn:
'Come to the heart of Silence, O my flower,
Out from the colored heat, the gleaming road
Into the place where deathless light is born.'

Katherine Hale.

CHARLES GILL

Author of *Le Cap Éternité.*

La Conférence interrompue

« Marcel Dugas

Avant que la sublime aurore de l'histoire
Auréole leurs fronts par la Muse ennoblis,
Nos aïeux en vain luttent dans la nuit noire
Dont le morne linceul les couvre de ses plis.

Merci d'avoir, au seuil des injustes oublis,
Pieusement tressé pour honorer leur gloire,
Le laurier solennel, la rose et le lys,
Sur l'emblème sacré de la lyre d'ivoire !

Bon jardinier d'Athène, avec ces rares fleurs
Vous tendiez en hommage aux discrètes douleurs
La douce pâquerette et la divine sauge...

Mais voilà que, grognant, se réveilla soudain
Celui qui dort si mal au fond du cœur humain,
Car vous aviez jeté des perles dans son auge.

Charles Gill

ALFRED GORDON

Author of *Poems, Vimy Ridge and Other Poems*, etc.

Day after day no gun had spoken,
Night after night seemed peace unbroken:
But the roads in the faint star-light were black
With business for the great attack.

Night after night, with muffled clanks,
On their bellies crept the tanks;
Stone-still, like Saurian monsters there,
In the silhouette of a sudden flare.

Though neither song nor cigarette
Cheered the regiments as they met,
They cursed so softly, a snapping branch
Seemed like a roaring avalanche.

Back in each forest, wood & spinney,
The trooper smothered the brown mare's whinny,
"Nuzzle your muzzle here, dear lass!
Patience! Patience! The time will pass!

"Soon, lass, soon, we'll ride & ride
With ringing hoofs through the countryside!
Hard on the heels of the flying foe,
As we dreamed we'd ride three years ago!"

Alfred Gordon

From "Ballad of The Forty Silent Men" in "Vimy Ridge & New Poems"

S. FRANCES HARRISON
(SERANUS)
(From an early photograph)

Author of *Pine, Rose and Fleur de Lis,* and *In Northern Skies;*
Editor of *The Canadian Birthday Book.*

O it were good, it were sweet,
If we might weep our fill somewhere,
In other world, in purer air,
Perhaps in heaven's golden street,
Perhaps upon its crystal stair!

For "power and leave to weep" shall be
The golden city's legend dear:
Tho' wiped away be every tear,
First for a season must flow free
The floods that leave the vision clear.

L. Frances Harris on
Swarms.

NORAH M. HOLLAND
(MRS. JOHN W. CLAXTON)

Author of *Spun Yarn and Spindrift, When Half Gods Go,* etc.

The End of the Road.

There's many a path your feet may take,
Over hill or vale or plain
By noisy streamlet or lonely lake
Where only the winds a murmur make,
And the silence falls like rain.

But wherever the foot of man may go,
Or shoulders bear their load,
In joy or sorrow, in mirth or woe,
There's an end to every road, we know,
And God's at the end of the road.

Noah M. Holland

HILDA MARY HOOKE

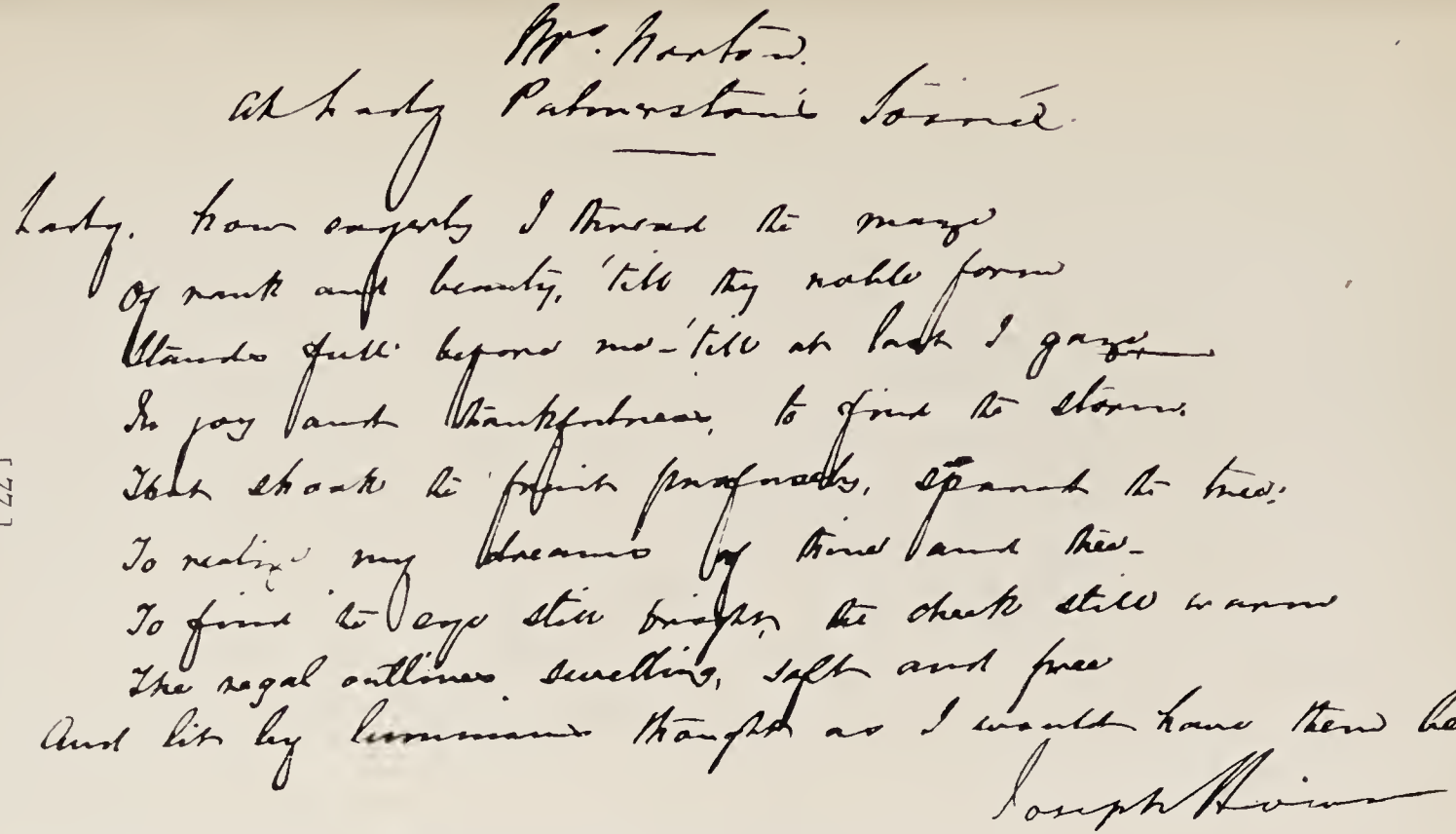
Inspiration.

A moment when the World is sunk in Space,
And like a cloak Eternity is flung
Across the shoulders of the lifted Soul,
That stands tip-toe, outstretched to meet the spheres,
And, yearning upward, like a flower is caught
Against the bosom of the Infinite.

Hilda M. Hooke.

HON. JOSEPH HOWE

Author of *Poems and Essays* (published posthumously).


Mrs. Norton.
At Lady Palmerston's Soirée.

Lady, how eagerly I turned to mark
Of rank and beauty, 'till thy noble form
Stands full before me—'till at last I gaze
In joy and thankfulness, to find the charms
Both shown in perfect proportion, expand to view,
To realize my dreams by kind and true—
To find the eye still bright, the cheek still warm
The regal outlines dwelling, soft and free
And lit by luminous thought as I would have them be.

Joseph Howe

N.B.—Mrs. Norton was a granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan and aunt of Lord Dufferin. The fine poem from which this first verse is taken is to be found in the volume of Howe's "Poems and Essays" published by John Lovell, Montreal, in 1874.—*Editor.*

ANNIE CAMPBELL HUESTIS

From "The Pleasant Cave and Shadowy".

O, I would seek the Naiads in
The pleasant cave and shadowy,
Near the wood called Heritom,
Whose trees are dark and tall,
And follow fast the flying dream
Whose wings have ever beckoned me—
To dare the hidden dangers where
The pleasant shadows fall!

Not the halls of Circe, though a charm
Should make her blind to me,
Should she seek, with evil lore, to
Pen me with her swine,
Not the hill Olympus though the
Laughing Gods were kind to me,
And offered me their golden cup
That holds immortal wine

NO, for I should shrink before the
Greatness of Olympus.
It views too many valleys. It stands
too near the sun.
My feet are ever seeking for a hidden
place to dream in,
A pleasant cave and shadowy ...
till all my dreams are done.

Annie Campbell Huestis

E. PAULINE JOHNSON
(TEKAHIONWAKE)

Author of *Flint and Feather, Legends of Vancouver,* etc.

The Indian Corn planter.

He needs must learn the trapping and the chase
For mating Sand his arrows wing his flight.
And from the hunters Heaven turn his face
To wring some promise from the dormant soil

"

He needs must learn the lodge that wintered him
The everlasting fires. the blanket bed.
The women's strident voices for the grim
Reality of laboring for bread.

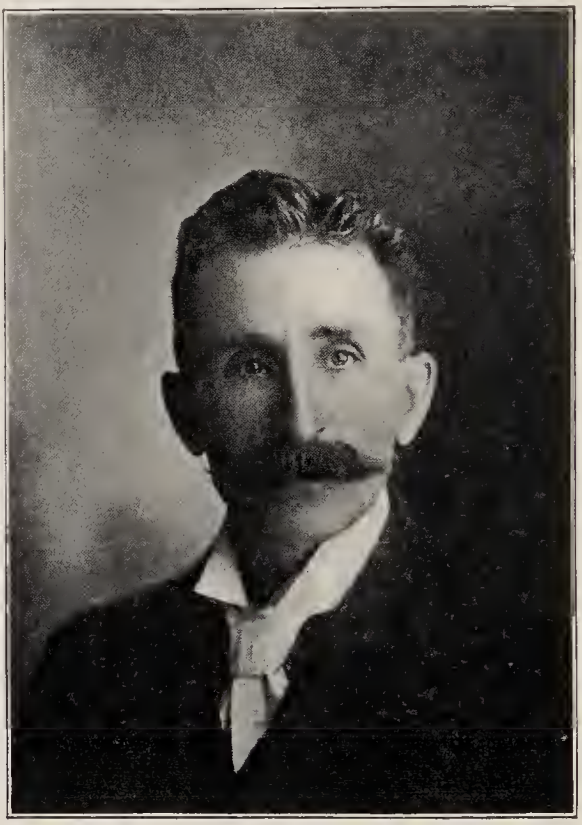
"

So sees he forth beneath the planters moon
With sacred seed that harbors large increase.
His simple pagan faith knows night and noon
Heat, cold, seed time and harvest shall not cease.

"

And yielding to his need - This honest sod
Brown as the hand that tills it, moist with rain
Teeming with ripe fulfilment true as God.
With fostering richness mothers every grain.

E. Pauline Johnson — Tekahionwake



ROBERT K. KERNIGHAN
(THE KHAN)

Author of *The Khan's Canticles.*

The Men of the Northern Zone!

Oh, we are the men of the Northern Zone
Shall a bit be placed in our mouth?
If ever a Northman lead his throne
Will the conqueror come from the South?
Nay, nay, and the answer blows
From the North to the South around
Since when has a Southerner conquering sword
Hewed out in the North a throne —
Since when has a Southerner planted his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone?

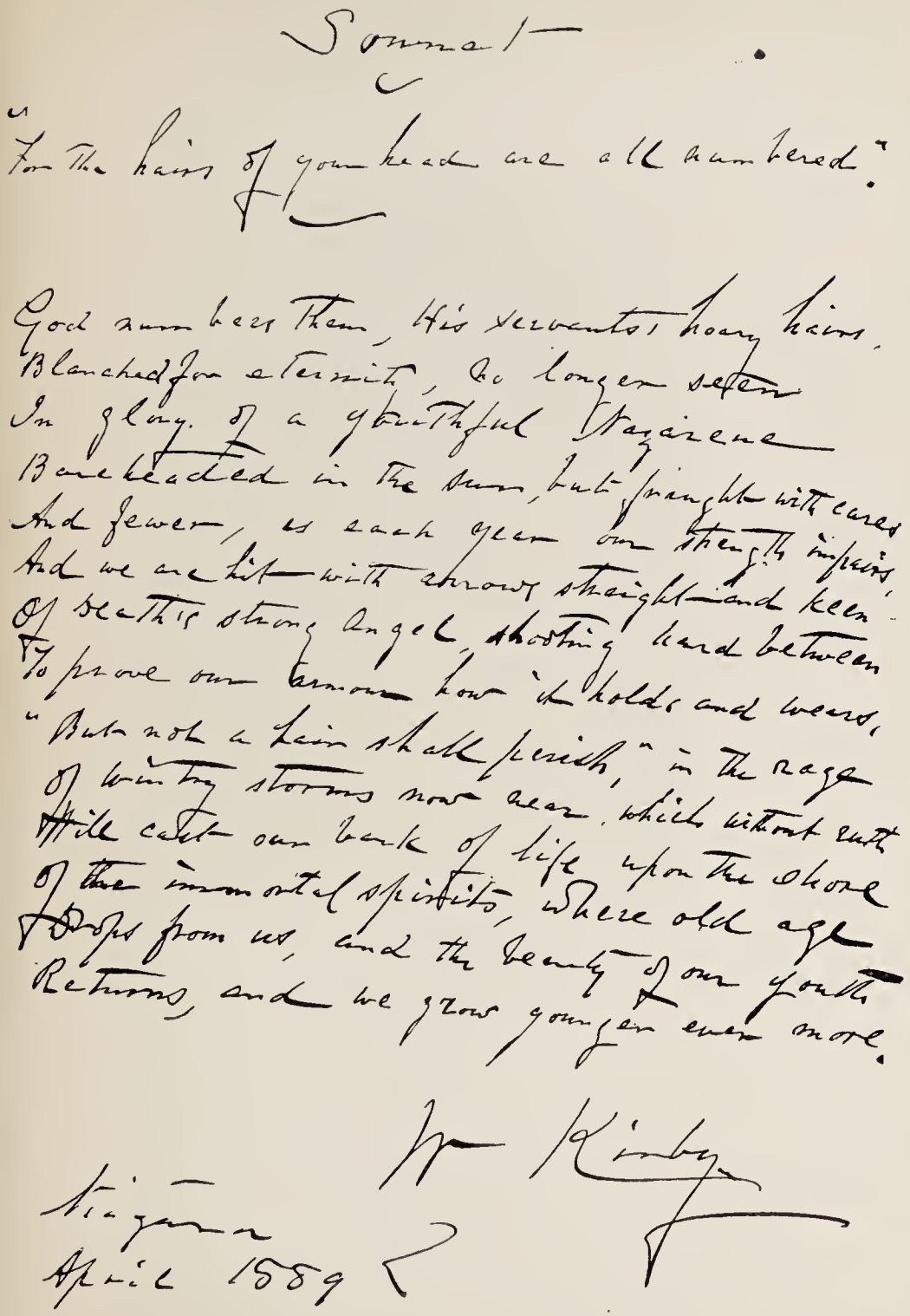
* * *

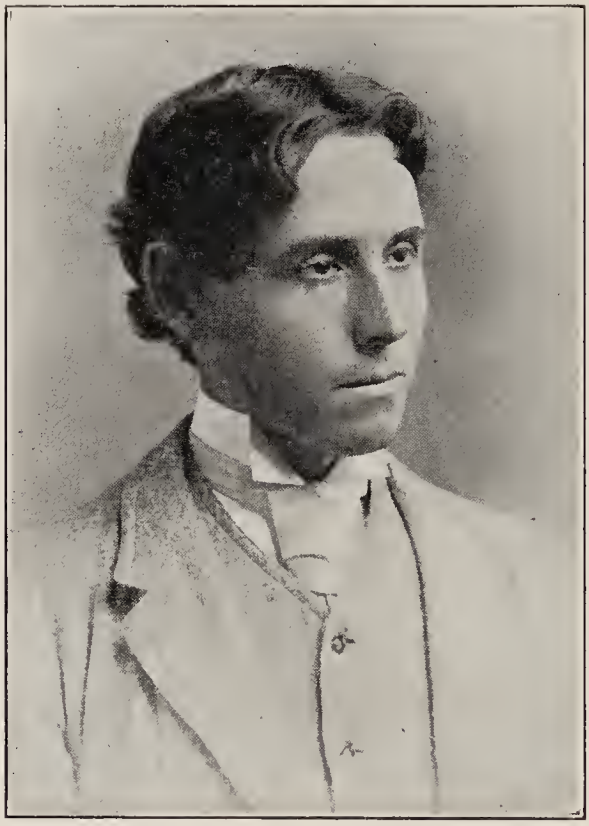
Oh, we are the men of the Northern Zone
Where the maples their branches toss
The Great Bear rules in his state alone
Apart from the Southern Cross
Our people shall ever be free
They never shall bend the knee
For this is the land of the brave and the bold
Where freedom is bred in the bone
A Southerner never shall plant his heel
On the men of the Northern Zone

— — — The Khan

WILLIAM KIRBY

Author of *Canadian Idylls, The Golden Dog* (prose), etc.


Sonnet—
"For the hairs of your head are all numbered."
God numbers them, His reverend hoary hairs,
Blanched for eternity, no longer setem
In glory of a youthful fragrance
Bare headed in the sun, but fraught with cares
And fewer, as each year our strength impairs,
And we are hit with shrewd straight and keen
Of death's strong angel, shooting hard between
To prove our armour how it holds and wears,
"But not a hair shall perish," in the rage
Of wintry storms now near, which without end
Will cast our bark of life upon the shore
Of those immortal spirits, where old age
Drops from us, and the beauty of our youth
Returns, and we grow younger ever more.
W. Kirby
Niagara
April 1889



ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

Author of *Among the Millet, Lyrics of Earth, Collected Poems*, etc.

There is a beauty at the goal of life,
A beauty growing since the world began,
Through every age and race, through lapse and strife,
Till the fair human soul completes her span.
Beneath the waves of storm that lash and burn,
The currents of blind passion that appal,
So listen and keep watch till we discern
The tide of sovereign truth that guides it all.
So to address our spirits to the height,
And so attune them to the valiant whole,
That the great light be clearer for our light,
And the great soul the stronger for our soul,
To have done this is to have lived, though fame
Remember us with no familiar name.

Archibald Lampman

JAMES MILES LANGSTAFF

I never thought that strange romantic WAR
Would shape my life and plan my destiny;
Though in my childhood's dreams I've seen
his car
~~Drawn by black steeds~~ And grisly steeds flash grimly thwart
the sky.
Yet now behold a vaster, mightier strife
Than echoed on the plains of souiding Troy,
Defeats and triumphs, death, wounds,
laughter, life
All mingled in a strange complex alloy.
I view the panorama in a trance
Of awe, yet coloured with a secret joy;
For I have breathed in epic and
romance,
Have lived the dreams that thrilled
me as a boy!
How sound the ancient saying is forsooth!
How weak is Fancy's gloss of Fact's
stern truth!

J. M. L.

GEORGE T. LANIGAN

I.

Dear Sir, you've a perplexing name
For birthrooms of rhyming,
Too short for an acrostic's frame,
Scarce one word with it chiming
Save that one found in an ignoble chorus that begins with "Whoa!"

II.

But if of our French neighbors we
The gentler language question,
We find suggestions of amie,
Of aimer a suggestion:
O truthful may the omen prove
That promises you Friends and Love

C. T. Langin

Three Rivers,
June 22. '80

LILIAN LEVERIDGE

Author of *Over the Hills of Home and Other Poems.*

From "Over The Hills of Home"

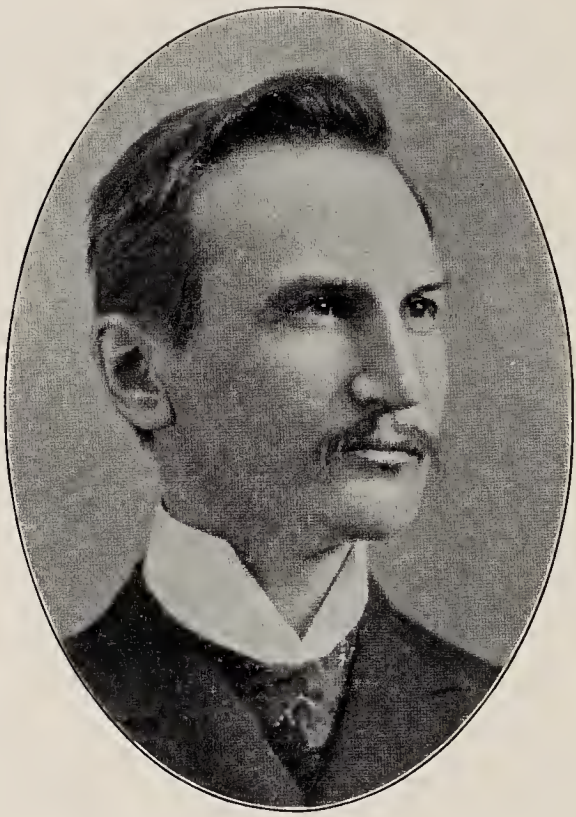
\+ + + + + + + + + +

Laddie! Laddie! Laddie! "Somewhere in France"
you sleep,
Somewhere 'neath alien flowers and alien
winds that weep.
Bravely you marched to battle, nobly
your life laid down.
You unto death were faithful, laddie;
yours is the victor's crown.

Laddie! Laddie! Laddie! How dim is the
sunshine grown,
As mother and I together speak softly
in tender tone!
And the lips that quiver and falter
have ever a single theme,
As we list for your dear, lost whistle,
laddie, over the hills of dream.

Laddie, beloved laddie! How soon should
we cease to weep
Could we glance through the golden gate-
way whose keys the angels keep!
Yet love, our love that is deathless, can
follow you where you roam,
Over the hills of God, laddie, the
beautiful hills of Home.

— Lilian Leveridge.



WILLIAM D LIGHTHALL

Author of *Thoughts, Moods and Ideals;* Editor of *Songs of the Great Dominion* and *Canadian Poems and Lays.*

Deathless

October 30, 1917.

- i -

In the rugged limestone pasture
The old hard-maple glows,
With burning tone of glory
Like the sun in all its sunset
In the rich Laurentian autumn,
The sunset of the year.

- ii -

At Passchendale I saw it-
When my lifestream stopped its flowing,
As my life fell off in glory
In the sunset of the year.

- iii -

The old hard-maple glowing
With dying fire and splendor,
Hid at her every leafstalk
The perfect bud of spring

- iv -

At Passchendale I sleep not:
Only my leaves of autumn,
My autumn leaves, fell there
For the wondrous spring was in me,
And the life I gave at Passchendale
Hid the life of morrow-year.

W. A. Lighthall

FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY

Author of *Songs of Ukraina, Shepherd's Purse,* etc.

The Accusing Angel.

"See! Black the tokens of
deep guilt
His mortal bore."
"A child once loved him,"
Jesus said;
"My sign he wore."

"O blacker still this man
accursed!
He cursed Thy name."
"May, no one loved him,"
Jesus said,
"Until I came."

Florence Randal Livesay

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART
(PASTOR FELIX)

Author of *A Masque of Minstrels, Beside the Narraguagas,* etc.

Service.

They were not born in vain who live to bless
And solace others; who, while some may strive
Out of the spoils of men to grow and thrive,
Abjure the meed of wrong and selfishness.
Nor doth he live in vain who maketh less
The sum of human sorrow; who inspires
Hope in man's breast, and kindles love's sweet fires;
Whose charity relieves a friend's distress.
Long may he live! to whom is ever dear
A brother's fame; whose eye can recognize,
Whose pen proclaim, the merit that he sees;
Who with his books and friends holds gentle cheer;
And whom a poet's song, or maxim wise,
Can never fail to interest and please.

Arthur John Lockhart.
Pastor Felix.

JOHN D. LOGAN

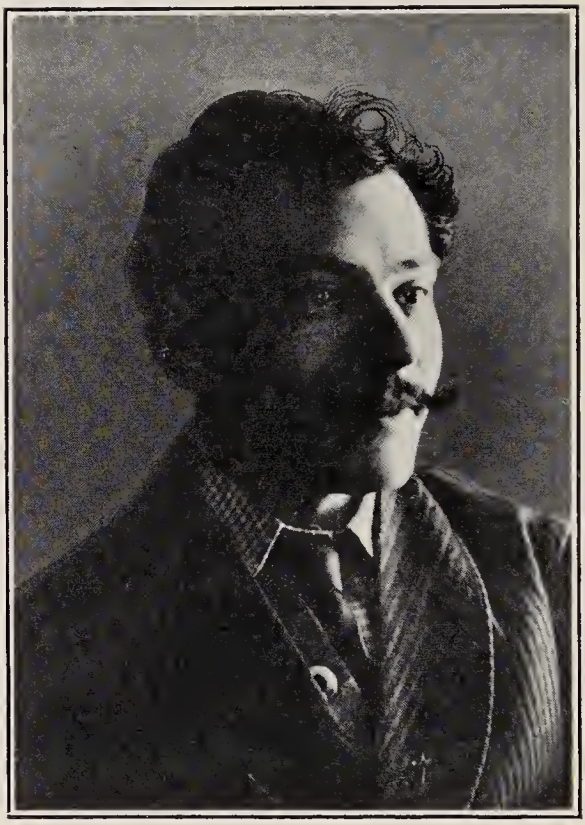
Author of *Songs of the Makers of Canada, Insulters of Death and Other Poems, The New Apocalypse and Other Poems of Days and Deeds in France,* etc.

A Soldier's Shrines

Two secret shrines there are for me:
The one a wayside calvary,
Low-canopied by fir and pine
And thither oft I steal away,
There all penitent to pray
Christ grants forgiveness, free, divine;
And Mary Virgin, grace benign;
And John his tender charity.
O Welcome wayside calvary,
O calm, secluded shrine,
O sweet retreat of mine,
Whose holy peace brings blissful secrecy!

Another shrine for me there is,
Recessed, inviolate, within
The ruby chamber of my Love's pure heart;
And only I, ~~Holy~~ her dearer I, is,
May only enter in
And supplicate & worship there apart.
Before her dear remembered Image now,
Unworthy worshipper, I bow:
Her winsome graces are my Creed;
Her low, meek speech, my Litany:
Her tender thoughts, my Rosary
And her Absolvo te, my strength for holier deed
O Heart of Mine, O Heart of Mine,
Whose secret Chamber is my constant Shrine!

France, Ap. 1917



ALBERT LOZEAU

Author of *L'Ame Solitaire, Le Miroir des Jours, Lauriers et Feuilles d'Erable, Poemes du Pays,* etc.

La poussière du jour

La poussière de l'heure et la cendre du jour
En un brouillard léger flottent au crépuscule.
Un lambeau de soleil au lointain du ciel brûle,
Et l'on voit s'effacer les clochers d'alentour

La poussière du jour et la cendre de l'heure
Montent, comme au-dessus d'un invisible feu,
Et dans le clair de lune adorablement bleu
Planent au gré du vent dont l'air frais nous effleure

La poussière de l'heure et la cendre du jour
Retombent sur nos cœurs comme une pluie amère,
Car, dans le jour fuyant et dans l'heure éphémère,
Combien n'ont-ils pas mis d'espérance et d'amour!

La poussière du jour et la cendre de l'heure
Contiennent nos soupirs, nos vœux et nos chansons;
A chaque heure envolé, un peu nous périssons
Et devant cette mort incessante, je pleure

La poussière du jour et la cendre de l'heure...

Albert Lozeau.

ELIZABETH ROBERTS MacDONALD

Author of *Northland Lyrics* (in collaboration with William C. and Theodore G. Roberts), *Dream Verses*, etc.

The Shepherd.

Among the hills of night my thoughts
Go wandering lost and torn;
No rest they find, or gleam of light
To solace them till morn:
Stumbling they fare, and know not where
Safe pasturage to win:
Oh, Shepherd Sleep, across the steep
Go out and call them in!

An errant flock, they follow far
By bitter pools of tears,
Lured on by Memory's lonely voice
And tracked by stealthy fears;
But wanderings cease, doubt sinks in peace,
If once the fold they win;
Oh, Shepherd Sleep, across the steep
Go out and call them in!

Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald.

L. M. MONTGOMERY MACDONALD

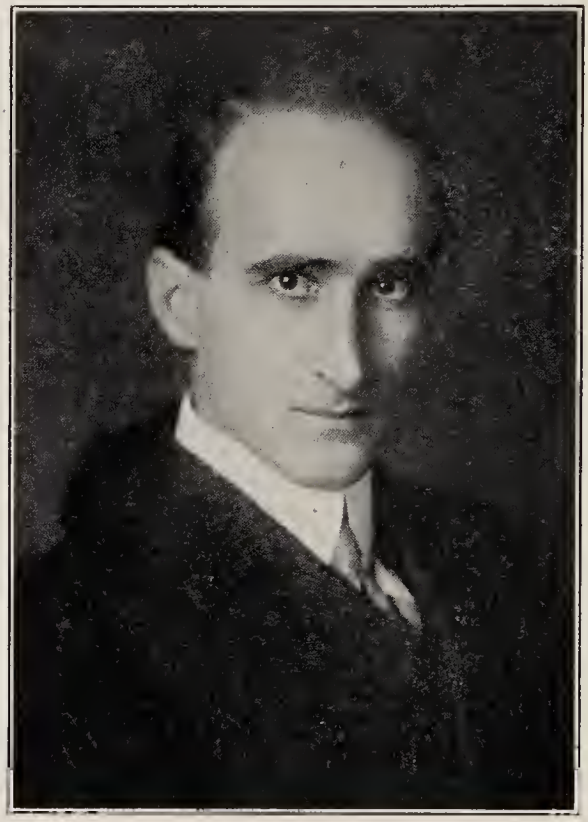
Author of *The Watchman and Other Poems.*

Love's Prayer.

Beloved, this, the heart- I offer thee,
So purified from sad idolatry,
From outworn hopes and from the
dingering chain
Of passion's dregs by penitential
pain.

Take Thou it, then, and fill it- up
for me
With thy untinted love and it
shall be
One earthly chalice that is made
divine
By its- red draught- of sacramental
wine.

L. M. Montgomery



WILSON MacDONALD

Author of *A Song of the Prairie Land and Other Poems, The Miracle Songs of Jesus.*

A Song to the Singers.

Should you descend the stairway of old Time,
And search the webbed wine cellars of the years,
The breaking of each vessel of sweet rhyme
Will make most merry music for mine ears.
No time is dead that gave the world a song
The larger hours were wet with music's flagon,
And half the garlands of the brave belong
To runes that calmed the courage of the dragon

The clouds that flowed o'er robust Rome have found
Another prop to lean on than her stone
But in the heart of music still abound
Sweet traces of her tragic poet's tone
And yonder tower that crowds the ampler air
Shall dream in dust before my rhyming story.
Let those who build arise where eagles dare:
I'll mount, on this white page, to surer glory.

What arrow ever pierced a traitors crown
That winged not out from some fair singer's heart?
What courage on the ramparts of a town
But fired its vigor with our choric art?
Tomorrow one shall rule the steel-lipped way,
Or fold his arms when mast and helm are sinking,
Who wandered by the muses till to-day
And roused his valor at my fountain drinking.

Vancouver, B.C.
Dec. 23rd 1913

Wilson MacDonald.

AGNES MAULE MACHAR
(FIDELIS)

Author of *Lays of the True North.*

The Warders Of The Seas. Aug. 4-5 1914

I

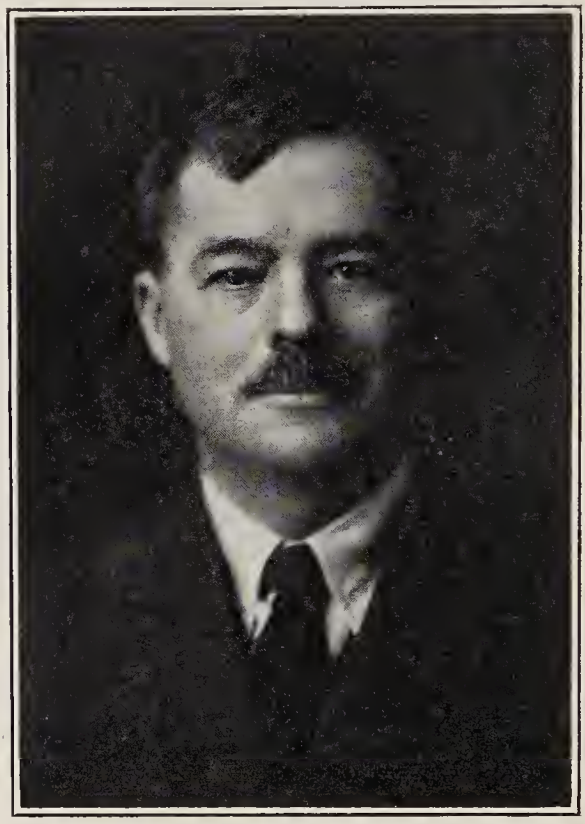
In the solemn midnight watches, while the land lies fast asleep,
And silence broods o'er peaceful fields and farms;
The battle-ships of Britain ride forth upon the deep,
To meet the hireling Titans—the foes of Freedom arm;—
—And Britain's troth to keep!
They guard a nation's honour, an Empire's future hold.
Millions of hearts are praying for their braves and their
With bowed hopes full-freighted for ages yet untold
Of Peace and Freedom, pealed from Europe's fateful roar
—They speed on—stern and bold;
"Lord of Nations! Who didst shelter a proud Armada's might,
Be their shield and unseen Vanguard!" Deep one voice a
"God and the Right!"—Their war-cry—to nerve them for the fight,
To win—for Man and Freedom, wherever their standard flies,
The Triumph of the Right!

II

Four Years later.

Oh mariners of Britain!—Four fateful years ago,
Ye heard the sudden summons to the strife,
That sped you to the trackless seas to curb the haughty foe,
To guard Britannia's honour—and her life!
Your charge ye took whole-hearted—one trust before you lay,
A great Dreadnought or small fishing-smack, the freedom of the sea,
To hearts of struggling nations ye stood for strength and stay,
Never failing in the bulwarks of the free!
On quarter-deck or mast-head—by friend, or tempest tossed,
While the inquietous seas surged hissing o'er the deck,
Unbaffled and unresting—your brave hearts held their post,
Or calmly went down, sleeping, mid the wreck!
Through moonlight or through starlight your task was never done,
Never-ending was your faithful watch and ward;
From the flush of dawn till down, till sank the golden sun,
Neath the mighty waste of waters that ye guarded.
For you there's no Trafalgar to strike one fateful blow
For the flag that braves the battle and the breeze;
But ye keep, undimmed, the glory of Britain's inland story,
And—by God's grace,—the freedom of the Seas!

Agnes Maule Machar



TOM MacINNES

Author of *Rhymes of a Rounder, Complete Poems of Tom MacInnes,* etc.

Lone Wolf Lament

Drink if you will to happy days,
And things to be, but say –
Where are the fellows I used to know?
Where are my friends today?

2

Many are gay, and many are fair,
And some still come at my call;
But I've gone lame and can run no more –
So what's the use of it all?

3

Last night I dreampt I ran with them
Under a gold-red sky
Where the mountains rose from the green prairie:-
And I woke and wisht to die

4

Drink if you will, and drink on me,
But this is the toast I give:
Live hard with your pack and live yourself out:
Then ask no more to live!

5

Wow! Hear me howl!
For Shad and Pete and George and Jack
Who took the long trail and left no track!
O never a one of them all comes back
And the winter-time is here!
Wow! Hear me howl!
For Olive and June and White Irene,
And the Mexican Kid and Little Corinne,
Daughters of joy who have not been seen
This many and many a year!
I'm a lone old wolf, and I've lost my pack,
And the winter-time is here!
Wow! Hear me howl!

Tom Mastines

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MacKAY

Author of *Between the Lights, The Shining Ship and Other Verse for Children, Fires of Driftwood,* etc.

Killed In Action

My father lived his three-score years, my son
lived twenty-two:
One looked long back on work well done, and
one had all to do —
Yet which the better served his world, I know
not, nor do you!

To one, Life chattered all her lore, till he
grew wise and gray,
To one, she whispered only, else she turned
her face away —
Yet which her deeper secret held only they
two might say.

Peace gave my father restful days, with
love and fame for wage;
War gave my son an unmarked grave, and
an unwritten page —
Who shall declare which gift conveyed
the greater heritage?

Isabel Ecclestone MacKay

BY PERMISSION OF FORUM.

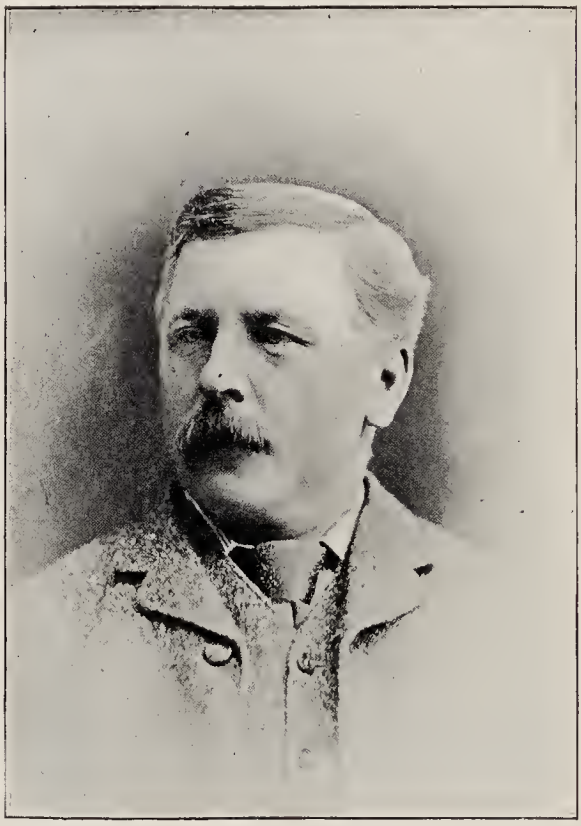
LOUIS A. MacKAY

Reconciliation

"Forgive," they tell us, "and forget:
"Are they not fellow-men?"
Ah, how those wounds are throbbing yet
That smote so deeply then!

Pardon is yours, whose share was done,
Yours to withhold, or give;
But we, who never held a gun,
How shall we dare forgive?

L. A. MacKay.



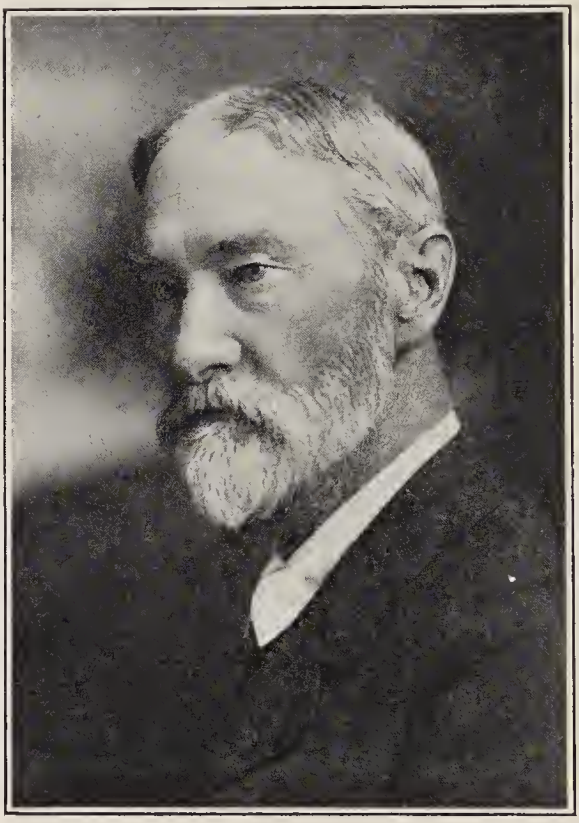
CHARLES MAIR

Author of *Dreamland and Other Poems, Tecumseh: a Drama, Collected Poems,* etc.

From Tecumseh's Soliloquy at the Thames.

This is our Summer – when the painted wilds,
Like pictures in a dream, enchant the sight.
The forest burns in glory like a flame!
Its leaves are sparks, its mystic breath the haze
Which blends in purple mesh with the air.
The Spirit of the Woods has decked his home,
And put his wonders like a garment on,
To flash, and glow, and dull, and fade, and die.

C. Mair



WILLIAM E. MARSHALL

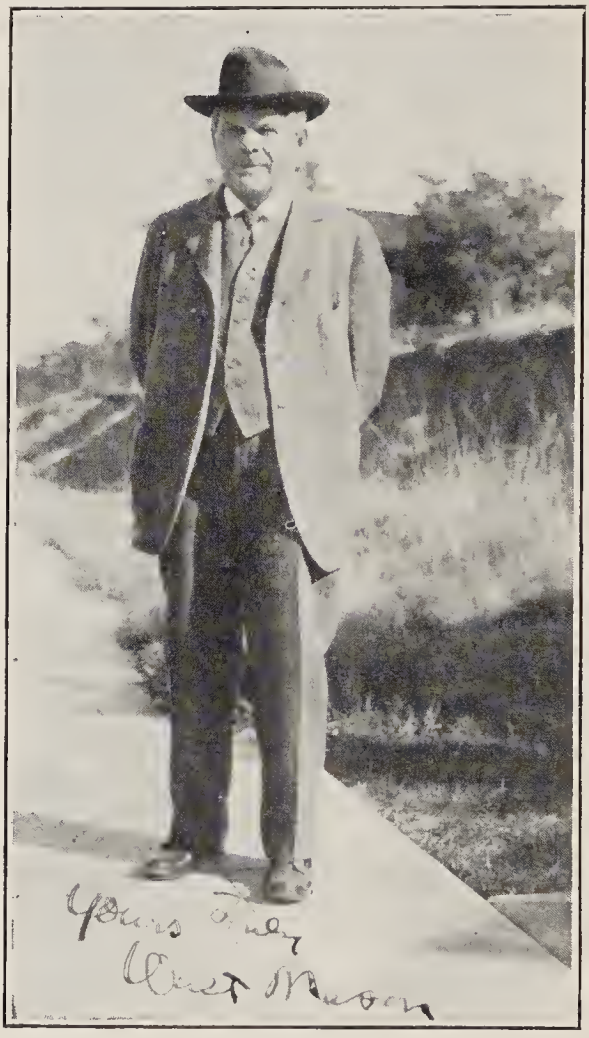
Author of *Brookfield and Other Verse.*

The Poet

Ah, he was richly dowered of the earth!
The grain of sand, the daisy in the sod,
Awoke his heart; and early he went forth,
Through field and wood, with young eyes
all abroad;
And saw the nesting birds, and beak
and nod
Of little creatures running wild and free,
Which know not that they know, yet are
of God!
And kept his youth, and grew in
sympathy,
And loved his fellows more, and had
love's victory.

William E. Marshall

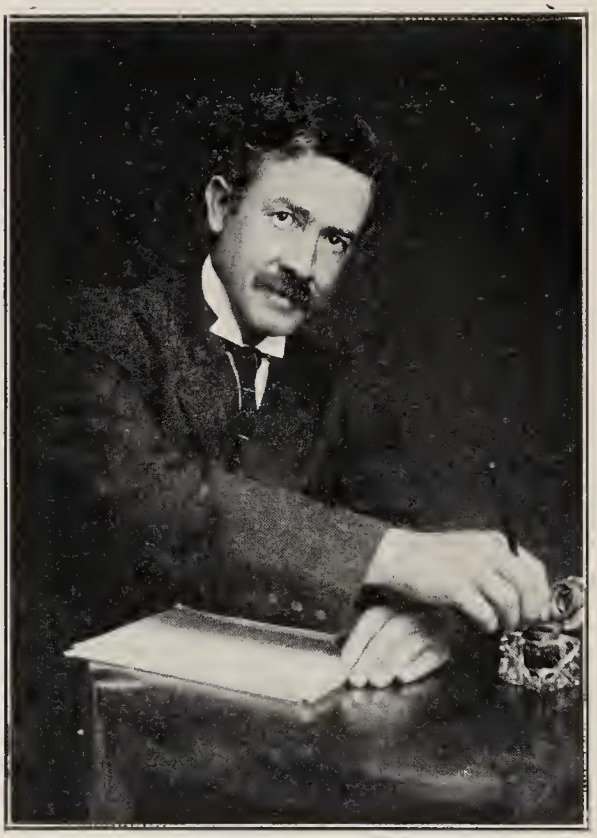
From Brookfields



WALT MASON

If all our days were sunny
And skies were always blue,
We'd soon be blowing money
To buy a cloud or two.

Walt Mason



PETER McARTHUR

Author of *The Prodigal and Other Poems.*

The Pioneers

Our fathers toiled, but in a glorious fight;
The God of nations led them by the hand;
With pillared smoke by day and fire by night—
They wrought like heroes in their promised land;
The wilderness was conquered by their might;
They made for God the marvel He had planned—
A land of homes where toil could make men free,
The final masterpiece of Destiny.

Peter McArthur.

DANIEL CARMAN McARTHUR

- Le Caporal -

Tremble! ye signallers, every man,
Under the glance of Corporal Dan!
Brand new clothes from tip to toe;-
- All dressed up, and no place to go -
Looks like a scarecrow up the line
But back in billets it's polish and shine.
-When the photographer turned his crank
Dan struck an attitude — "beaucoup swank"
Exposed his flags and stripes and knife,
And the camera took him true to life!

France, May, 1918 D.C. McARTHUR

ALMA FRANCES McCOLLUM

Author of *Flower Legends and Other Poems.*

Purple Violets.

Violets in purple morning
Blomed as flakes of divine snow,
Cedrons rugged path adorning
Ere the Savior knew its woe.

When the Virgin Mother, holy,
In her bitter anguish passed,
O'er the blossoms white and lowly,
Was her sacred shadow cast;

And the agony of sorrow,
Falling like a purple pall,—
Unforgotten with the morrow—
Still doth linger o'er all.

Alma Frances McCollum

JOHN McCRAE

Author of *In Flanders' Fields and Other Poems.*

In Flanders Fields

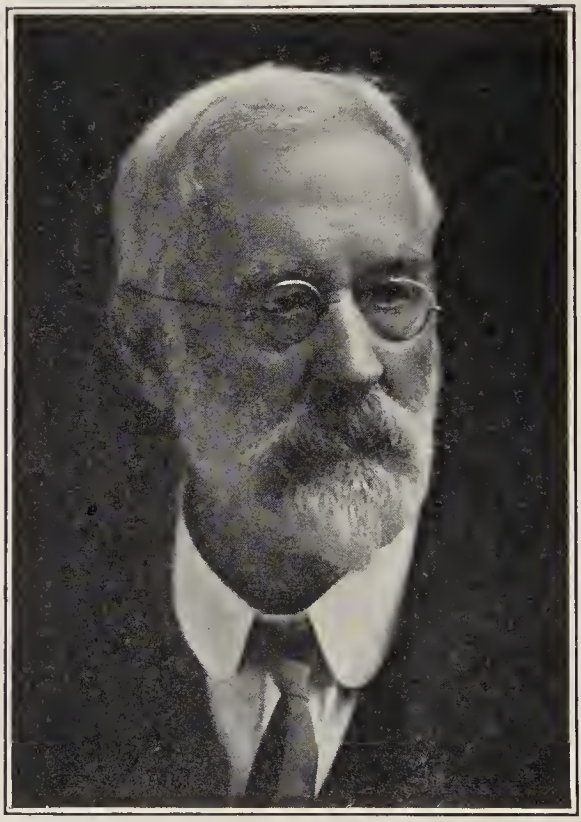
In Flanders fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row
That mark our place: and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The Torch: be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

John McCrae

NOTE—THE WORD "GROW" (INSTEAD OF "BLOW," AS IN THE ORIGINAL) IN THE FIRST LINE IS EVIDENTLY AN INADVERTENT ERROR OF THE AUTHOR IN TRANSCRIBING THE POEM FOR A FRIEND—EDITOR.



BERNARD McEVOY

Author of *Away from Newspaperdom and Other Poems,* etc.

Materials

The tree that on the hillside stood,
Bore the wild stress of many a storm;
Yet year by year its precious wood
Grew into perfect grain and form
Till from its heart the craftsman made
The viol on which a master played.

Through aeons of gloom and earthquake shock,
In dark recesses of the earth,
Where chaos shook the solid rock,
The pure white marble had its birth;
And now, behold the statue stand
In beauty from the sculptor's hand.

The rough brown ore the miner cast
Into the glowing furnace-fire —
Urged by the engine's roaring blast —
In such fierce burning might expire;
Yet from that matrix came the blade
By which a continent was swayed.

And so, beneath the various fate
That moulds the all of human lot;
All that we are — of small or great —
In fashioned, though we know it not;
And secrets that the ages keep,
Are plain in Nature's wider sweep.

Bernard McEvoy

HON. THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE

Author of *Canadian Ballads and Occasional Poems, Poems with Notes* (edited by Mrs. J. Sadlier after the poet's death).

Lines,

(To Miss Connolly: By, Thomas Darcy McGee)

Nov 2nd 1855

I

My gentle friend. Your Fathers guest
Could not refuse your kind behest,
Although you asked a stranger duty,
Then writing in this "Book of Beauty."

II

Neath wintry star and summers sun,
You've seen the swift St. Lawrence run,
By many a glittering cross-capp'd dome
Around your youthful, happy home;
My fates have led me far and near,
Through glorious scenes and sorrows drear
A mingled tide my life has been,
Like that in yonder valley seen —
Where side by side in eastern fashion
Like swarthy Turk and fair Circassian —
The Ottawas dark, turbid, tide,
Rolls by the fair St. Lawrence side:
But this heroine — that never yet,
Was woman's smile unwelcome met
Nor woman's voice of song yet heard,
But my heart fluttered like the bird —
Upspringing from the earth to feast,
Upon the day beams of the East

DUNCAN A. McKELLAR

Rest At the Plough

Stopping a while on the headland,
Resting his weary team,
Lazily watching the sunlight
On the glittering mould-board gleam,
The ploughman, relaxed from his labor,
Sits with his mind adream.

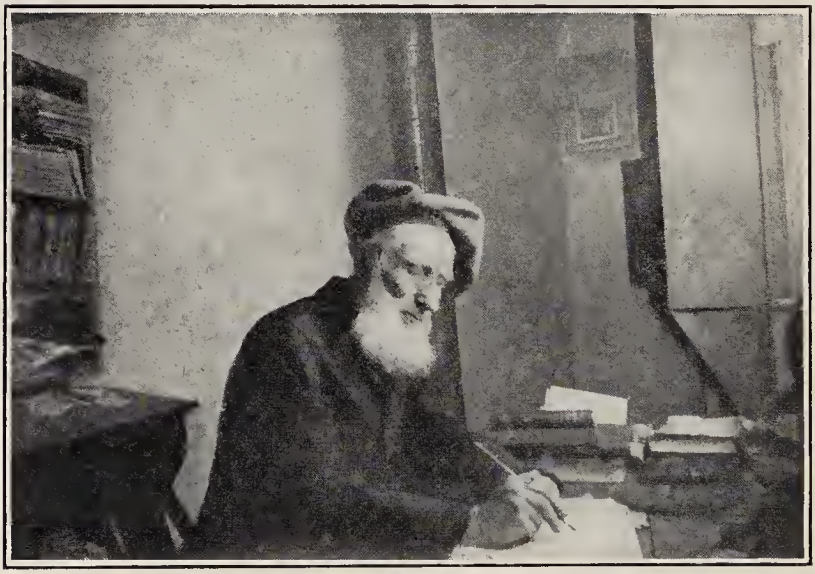
From the new-turned furrow fragrant
Up to his nostrils flow
Odors of Earth's deep breathing,
Rich with the life below,
That quickens the tree and the flower,
Warmed in the vernal glow.

× × × × × × ×

He notes how the grass is springing
After its winter rest,
He marks the great elms and the maples,
In pale, new verdure dressed,
And a robin that near him gathers
A straw for her building nest.

He sees in the fresh, brown furrows
How much since the morn he's done,
Then rouses again to his labor,
For he knows that, one by one,
He must many add to the ridged expanse
Ere quitting at set of sun.

H. A. McKellar



ALEXANDER McLACHLAN

Author of *The Emigrant and Other Poems, Poems and Songs,* etc.

Written Beneath A Portrait Of Robert Burns

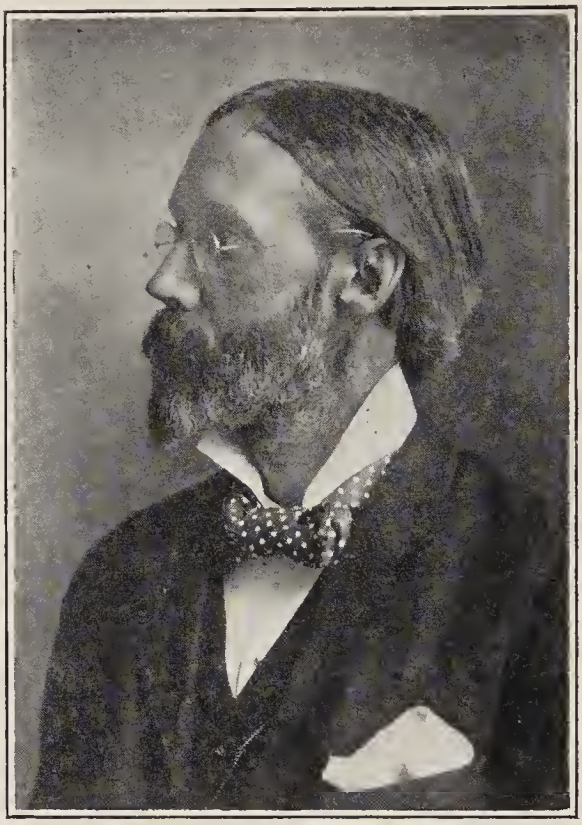
1

Thou of the wild impassioned brain
Who poured thy heart in bloody rain
And was by thine own passions slain
Oh who thy sorrow can compute
O'er all the bitter bitter fruit
Of instincts trampled underfoot
For there's an angel sits above
Guarding the sanctities of love
That doth all levity reprove

2

Cold natures never can compute
The terrible lifelong dispute
Souls such as thine wage with the brute
And thus it is we often see
Good men all void of Charity
For souls tossed on a raging sea
For here we have had all along
One standard (measure) for the weak and strong
And surely surely we are wrong

Alexander McLachlan.



WILLIAM McLENNAN

Author of *Songs of Old Canada* (translations), etc.

I've tried to waken with a loving Care
Some Echo of the joyance of these days.
Which sound as sweetly on Canadian air,
As neath the skies of France in olden days.

How often has each song been lightly sung
By lips that now are silent for all time!
How often has each tender cadence flung
O'er distant seas the magic of its chime!

Oblivion's self was softened by their grace
And stored them safe within a people's heart,
To share the fortunes of a songful race
And charm us with the artlessness of art.

To the Library of McGill University
from William McLennan

Nov. 1885.

JESSE E. MIDDLETON
(J. E. M.)

Author of *Sea Dogs and Men at Arms.*

Reality

These deathless wonders shame the Spanish blade:
Fury of Ares, hate of Satire maid,
Terror of Olaf at the Christian font,
Love of Leander in the Hellespont.

Men and machines are but a winter breath,
Seen for a moment, then dissolved by death.
Passions of men, the visions men may see
Troop to the confines of eternity.

— Jesse Edgar Middleton

J. LEWIS MILLIGAN

Author of *Songs in Time's Despite, The Beckoning Skyline and Other Poems,* etc.

God's Library

God has a library,
Wondrous and vast,
Where books are stored on the
Shelves of the past:

Tragedies, comedies,
Dramas of yore,
Dead worlds' long histories—
Infinite lore!

God has His favorite
Volumes, and these
Bound are in vellum white—
Biographies.

J. Lewis Millican

SUSANNA MOODIE

Author of *Enthusiasm and Other Poems.*

The Banner of England

The banner of old England flows
Triumphant on the breeze;
A sign of terror to our foes
The meteor of the seas —
A thousand heroes bore it,
In the battle fields of old;
All nations quailed before it,
Defeated by the bold —

Brave Edward and his gallant sons,
Beneath its shadow bled;
And lion-hearted Britons
That flag to glory led
The sword of Kings defended,
When hostile foes were near;
The sheet whose colors blended
Memorials proud and dear —

The history of a nation
Is blazoned on its page;
A brief and bright relation
Sent down from age to age:
Bright banner of our native land
Bold hearts are knit to thee;
A fearless free determined band
Thy champions yet shall be! —

Susanna Moodie.

PAUL MORIN

Author of *Le Paon d'Email, Poèmes de Cendre et d'Or,* etc.

O profonde ; amoureuse foi orientale
Des cyprès ombrageant un sépulcre exigu,
Vous me garderez mieux que la terre natale
Sous l'érable neigeux et le sapin aigu !

Puisqu'il n'est de si fine et fée broderie,
De si légère, si vif, et lumineux matin,
Qu'un platane dressé sur un ciel de Syrie,
Qu'une aube, ensoleillant un clair fort levantin,

J'aurai cette maison, si longtemps désirée
Pour son silence où glisse une odeur de jasmin,
Pour ses murs où s'enlace une vigne dorée,
Et sa fontaine pure, et son étroit jardin...

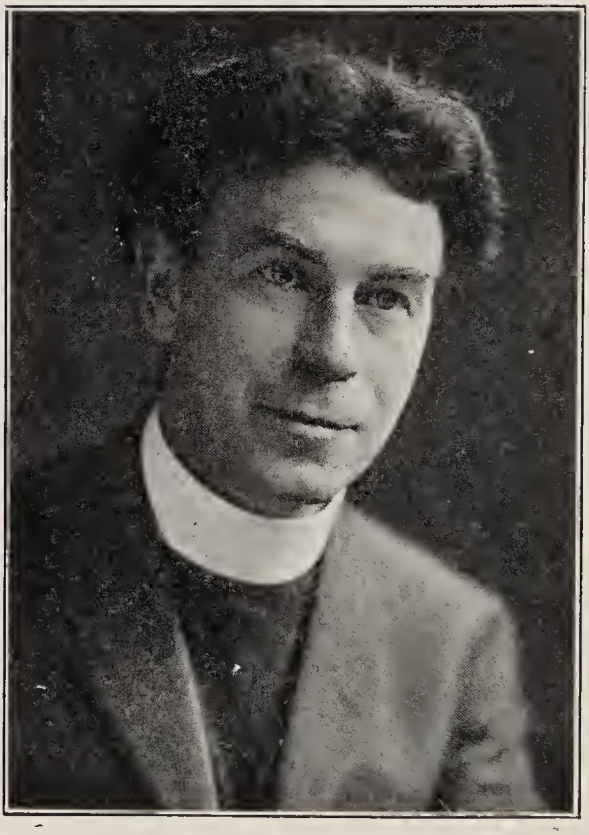
C'est là que je lirai, dès l'aube douce et verte,
Les poèmes d'Hafiz et le grave Koran,
Un cèdre allongera jusqu'à ma porte ouverte
Son feuillage vernis, touffu, sombre, odorant.

Puisqu'il n'est pas d'endroit qu'une ville d'Asie
Ne berce en mystère, en calme, en volupté,
J'y connaîtrai la chaude et tendre frénésie
D'un chant de rossignol dans le soir turc, — l'été.

Paul Morin

ALEXANDER MUIR

Author of *The Maple Leaf.*



ROBERT NORWOOD

Author of *The Piper and the Reed, The Man of Kerioth, Bill Boram,* etc.

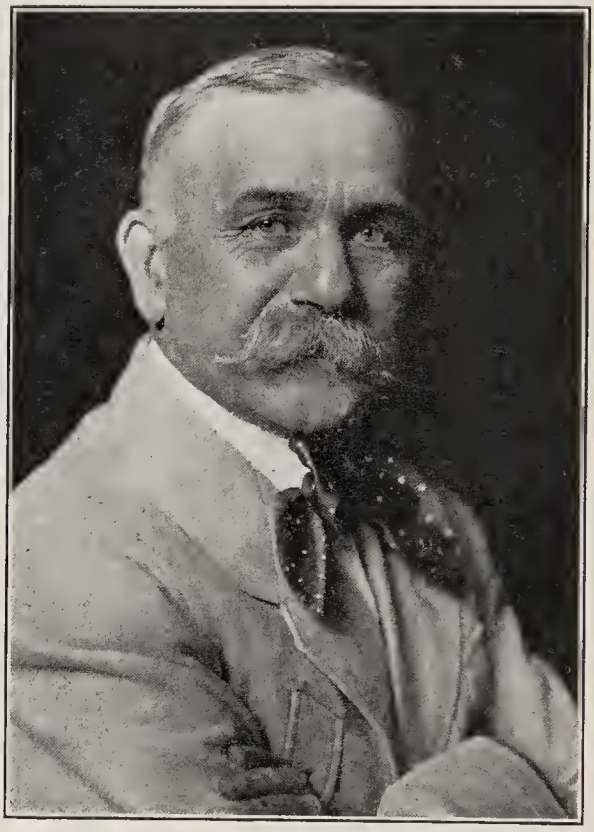
I have no temple and no creed,
I celebrate no mystic rite;
The human heart is all I read,
Wherein I worship day and night.

The human heart is all I need,
For I have found God over there —
Love is the one sufficient creed
And Comradeship the purest prayer!

I care not down in any book,
No written page holds me in awe;
For when on one friend's face I look,
I read the Prophets and the Law!

Robert Norwood

From "The Piper and the Reed."



THOMAS O'HAGAN

Author of *Songs of the Settlement, In Dreamland, In the Heart of the Meadow, Songs of Heroic Days, Collected Poems,* etc.

The Dreamer.

Men call me dreamer—what care I?
The cradle of my heart is rocked;
I dwell in realms beyond the earth.
The door I mount is never locked!

Men call me dreamer—thus forsooth
Because I spurn each thread of gross,
And count the steps that lead to Truth
As useless toil around a cross.

Men call me dreamer—nay, that word
Hath burned its way from lip to age;
Its light shone o'er Judea's hills
And thrilled the heart of seer and sage

Men call me dreamer—yet forget
The dreamer lives a thousand years,
While those whose hearts and hands knead clay
Live not beyond their dusty biers.

James Hagan.

MARTHA OSTENSO

Author of *A Far Land*

Before Storm

Now the tawny unicorn
Bears a path around the moon,
And on the ochre air is borne
A twanging little tune—
A sudden, lonely hollow note,
A lofty flood of pausing sound.
Where hot and numb the shadows float
Upward from the ground.
Across the misty moor there flies,
Pale as snow and thin as air,
With a ghost in both his eyes,
A solitary hare.

Tom Thomson

AMY PARKINSON

Author of *Love Through All, In His Keeping, Best,* etc.

ARTHUR L. PHELPS

Author of *Poems.*

Apple Blossoms.

Shy, amorous,
The brown-haired dryads of the apple trees
I saw this day.
Shy were they in among the blowing blossoms;
Their white knees
Hidden by blossom tapestries
The wind had woven, weaving cunningly.

Yet their arms and faces,
And shoulders bloomy pink, by swaying sprays
I saw, and their long glances,
In the sunny garden places
Where the sunlight dances,
Held me in sweet trances;

While they begged me come to play,
Bathe with them in blossoms,
On a white spring day!

Arthur L. Phelps.

MARJORIE PICKTHALL

Author of *The Drift of Pinions and Other Poems, Lamp of Poor Souls, The Wood-Carver's Wife,* etc.

On a Violet Leaf from Keats' Grave.

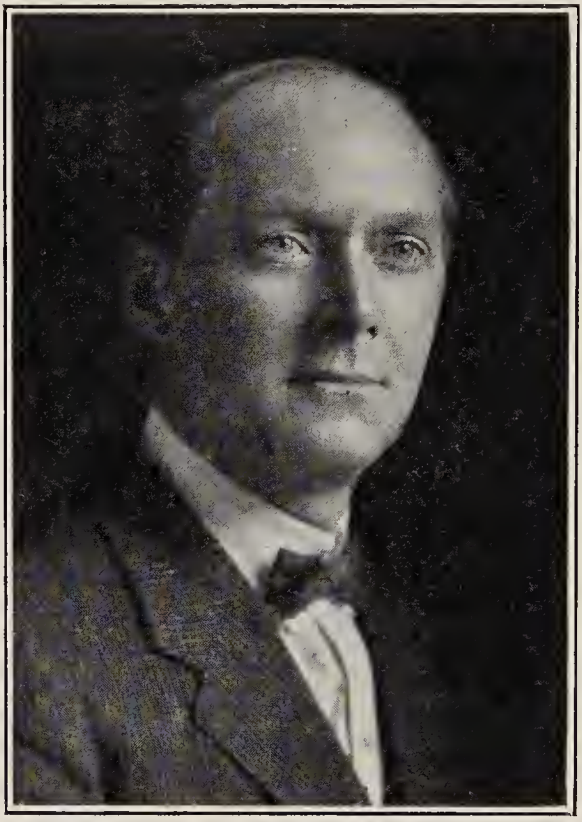
After the sharp salt kiss,
Blossom and thorn of grief,
Time has no more than this,—
A leaf.

Out of the battled years,
The glory and the wrong,
Time gives, for all our tears,—
A song.

Is it of fragrance made,
Woven and rhymed of light,
The voice that from some shade
Silvers the night?

When the last shadows slope
And day's own rose is pale,—
O Love, immortal hope,—
His nightingale!

Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.



EDWIN JOHN PRATT

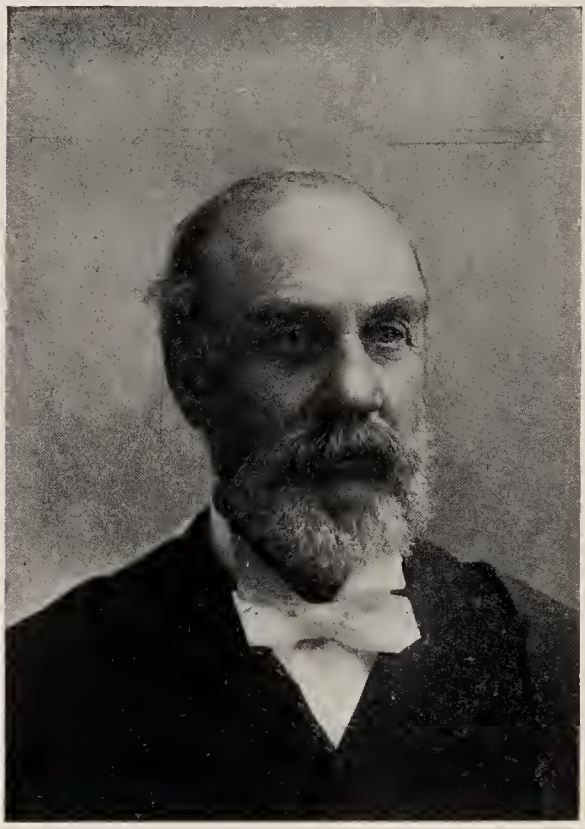
Author of *Newfoundland Verse.*

The Ground Swell

Three times we heard it calling with a low,
Insistent note; at ebb-tide on the noon;
And at the hour of dusk, when the red moon
Was rising and the tide was on the flow,
Then, at the hour of midnight once again,
Though we had entered in and shut the door
And drawn the blinds, it crept up from the shore
And smote upon a bedroom window-pane;

Then passed away as some dull pang that grew
Out of the void before Eternity
Had fashioned out an edge for human grief;
Before the winds of God had come to strew
His harvest-sweepings on a winter sea
To feed the primal hungers of a reef.

— E. J. Pratt.



THEODORE HARDING RAND

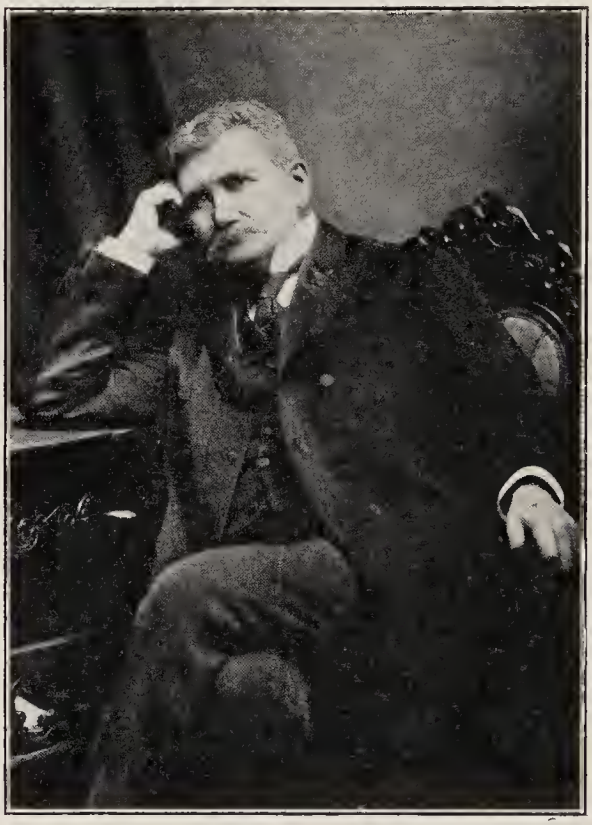
Author of *At Minas Basin*, and *Song Waves;* Editor of *A Treasury of Canadian Verse.*

Spirit of Song, life's golden ray
That burneth in this house of clay
  Despite the stress of blast & tempest
To quench the flickering light & play;

Rapture of seraphs bright thou art,
Yet Kindest in the human heart
  The fluid soul's upbreathed emotion,
Whose light shines clear as a star apart,—

A fairer light of sweeter fame
Than science knows to praise or blame,
  Wherein the soul has open vision,
And feels the glow of His holy flame.

Theodore H. Rand



JOHN READE

Author of *The Prophecy of Merlin and Other Poems.*

The Wheat's Reward.

Out of the ground I rose; the seed seemed dead,
But lo! a slim green arm pushed through the sod,
And by and by before my maker, God,
I stood full ripe. A voice cried "Give us bread."
The wind of God went by; I bowed my head,
And one approached who held a curved knife,
And for the life of men the took my life,
And ever since by me are millions fed.

And then God spake these words: "O blessed weed,
The lowly sister of the lily proud,
Be thou my chosen messenger to shroud
The mystery of my Son, the Woman's Seed.
Thou dreadest not the sacrificial knife:
Be thou to dying men the Bread of Life."

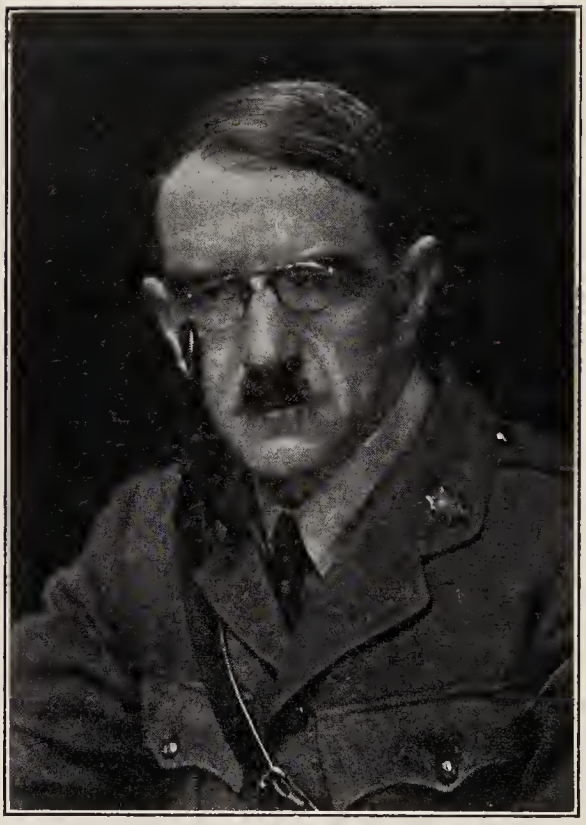
John Reade.

BEATRICE REDPATH

Author of *Drawn Shutters, White Lilac,* etc.

Since Sorrow
You were beautiful as the
flower of the lime tree.
Gay as a bed of blowing
tulips
As changing as sunlight is
& transient as a rainbow.
But now, since sorrow you
are grown
Remote as any mountain
peak
You are as the wind that
passes on great waters
And are as the flowing of
dark rivers
When there is no light in the
sky
You are stern as carved
rock
And terrible as night in your
loneliness
You are old, old, old as the
ages
And have become everlasting
You are eternal!

Beatrice Redpath



CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Author of *In Divers Tones, Songs of the Common Day, The Book of The Native, New York Nocturnes, Collected Poems,* etc.

Said life to Art — I love thee best
Not when I find in thee
My very face and form expressed
With dull fidelity,

But when in thee my longing eyes
Behold continually
The mystery of my memories
And all I long to be.

Charles G. D. Roberts

LLOYD ROBERTS

Author of *England Over Seas.*

On the Marshes

Out on the marsh in the misty rain,
The air is full of the harsh refrain;
The long swamps echo the beat of wings,
The birds are back in the reeds again.

Down from the north they wing their way.
Out of the east they cross the bay.
From north and east they're steering home
To the inland ponds at the close of day.

Hid in the sea of reeds we lie
And watch the wild geese driving by;
And listen to the plover's piping,
The gray snipe's thin and lonely cry.

All day over the tangled mass
The marsh-birds wheel and scream and pass;
The smoke hangs white in the broken rice;
The feathers drift in the water-grass

Lloyd Roberts

THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

The Reckoning.

Ye who would reckon with England —
Ye who would sweep the seas
Of the flag that Rodney nailed aloft
And Nelson flung to the breeze —

Weigh well your metal and valour,
Count well your ships and your guns,
For they who reckon with England
Must reckon with England's sons.

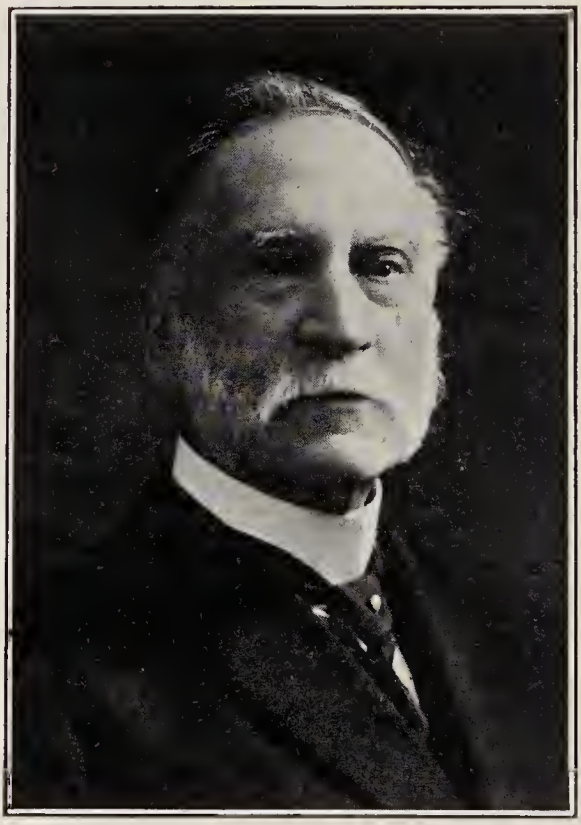
Ye who would hurl to warfare
Your hordes of bullies and slaves
To crush the pride of an empire
And sink its fame in the waves,

Count well your ships and battalions
~~Count~~ Count well your horse and your guns,
For they who reckon with England
Must reckon with England's sons.

Ye who would reckon with England!
Ye who would break the might
Of the little isle in the foggy sea
And the lion-heart in the fight! —

Weigh well your metal and valour,
Count well your ships and your guns,
For they who make war on England
Make war on a Mother's sons!

— Theodore Goodridge Roberts.



ADOLPHE B. ROUTHIER

Author of *O Canada, Les Echoes,* etc.

Au Colisée.

On dit que le boa, le grand serpent d'Afrique,
— Quand il est bien repu de chair mine & de sang —
Se recourbe & s'endort d'un sommeil léthargique
En serrant les anneaux de son orbe impuissant;

Quand je te vois gisant sur ton lit de poussière,
Immense bolisée aux arceaux surannés,
Je me dis que sans doute, ô grand monstre de pierre,
Tu cuves les festins que César t'a donnés!

Hélas! il t'a servi tant de chair virginale,
Versé tant de sang pur pour apaiser ta faim,
Que tu n'as pu survivre à l'orgie infernale,
Et que ton lourd sommeil n'aura jamais de fin!

Éternel monument de haine & de luxure,
Je suis à ton aspect tenté de t'exécrer;
Mais le sang des martyrs a lavé ta souillure,
Et, quand je reviens à toi, c'est pour te vénérer!

Je te baise en pleurant ton marbre décolore,
Et, tremblant de respect d'amour & de terreur,
Je pétrirais mon pain de ta sainte poussière,
Sûr d'y puiser un sang qui me rendrait meilleur.

A. B. Routhier

Rome, 1 Novembre 1875.

LAURA GOODMAN SALVERSON

Author of *Wayside Gleams.*

To a Wild Canary.

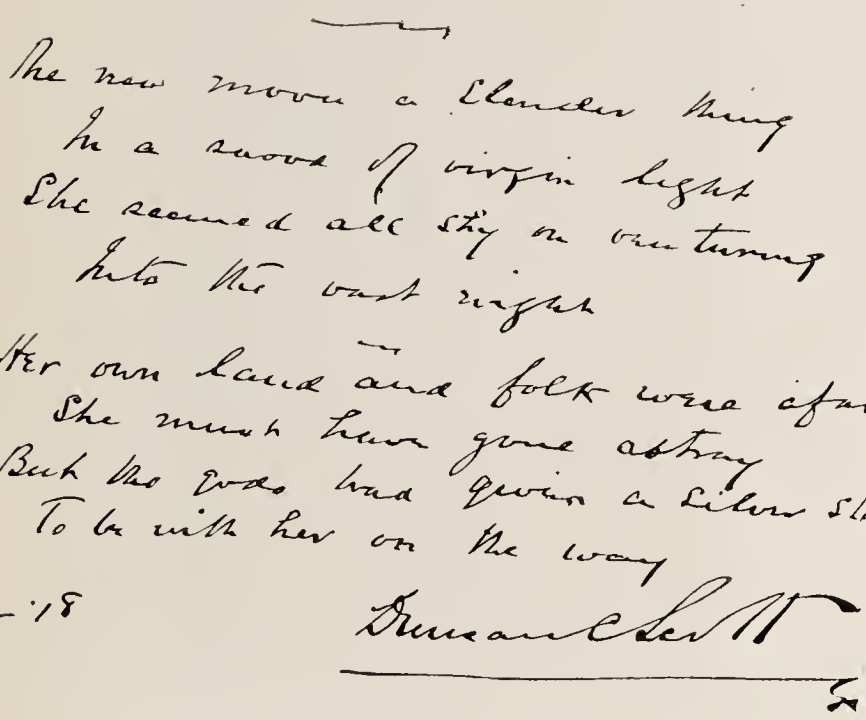
Little flash of yellow
Swinging on a bough
With your voice so mellow,
Oft I wonder how
Such a wealth of music,
From so small a frame,
Pours and swells and rises,
Trills and soars again.

Little flash of yellow
Swinging on a bough,
With your voice so mellow —
This I fancy now —
'Neath your tiny bosom,
Even while you nod,
Burns the love eternal
Of a joyous God.

James D. Salverson

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

Author of *The Magic House, In the Village of Viger, Labor and the Angel, New World Lyrics and Ballads, Lundy's Lane and Other Poems, Beauty and Life,* etc.


She now moves a slender thing
In a sweep of virgin light
She seemed all shy as she turning
Into the vast night
Her own land and folk were afar
She must have gone astray
But the Gods had given a Silver star
To be with her on the way
Sept 18-18
Duncan Campbell Scott

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT

Author of *The Soul's Quest, My Lattice, The Unnamed Lake, Poems Old and New, Collected Poems,* etc.

The Heaven of Love.

I rose at midnight & beheld the Sky
Sown thick with Stars, like grains of golden Sand
Which God had Scattered loosely from his hand
Upon the floorways of his house so high;
And straight I pictured to my Spirit's eye
The Giant worlds, their course by wisdom planned,
The weary waste, the gulfs no Sight hath spanned,
And endless time for ever passing by.

Then, filled with wonder & a secret dread,
I crept to where my child lay fast asleep,
With chubby arm beneath his golden head.
What cared I then for all the Stars above?
One little face shut out the boundless deep;
One little heart revealed the heaven of love.

Frederick George Scott.

A VIEW (FROM A WATER-COLOR MADE IN 1849) OF THE LOG CHURCH AND BURYING-GROUND ON THE PENGELLY FARM, RICE LAKE HERE JOSEPH SCRIVEN PREACHED FOR MANY YEARS, AND HERE HE LIES BURIED. NO PORTRAIT OF HIM IS KNOWN TO EXIST

"Pray without ceasing"

What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!

Oh! what peace we often forfeit,
Oh what needless pain we bear!
All, because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

Have we trials, and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we cold and unbelieving,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Here the Lord is still our refuge:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Joseph Scriven.

ROBERT W. SERVICE

Author of *Songs of a Sourdough, Ballads of a Cheechako, Rhymes of a Rolling Stone, Rhymes of a Red Cross Man,* etc.

My Madonna.

I hired me a woman from
off the street,
Shameless, but oh so fair!
I bade her sit in the model's
seat,
And I painted her sitting
there.

I hid all trace of her
heart unclean;
I painted a babe at her
breast;
I painted her as she might
have been
If the Worst had been
the Best.

She laughed at my picture
And went away;
Then came with a knowing
nod,
A connoisseur, and I heard
him say
"'Tis Mary, the Mother of God."

So I painted a halo round
her hair,
and I sold her and took
my fee,
And she hangs in the
Church of Saint Hilaire,
Where you and all may
see.

Robert W. Service
Aug '18.

VIRNA SHEARD

Author of *The Miracle and Other Poems, The Ballad of the Quest,* etc.

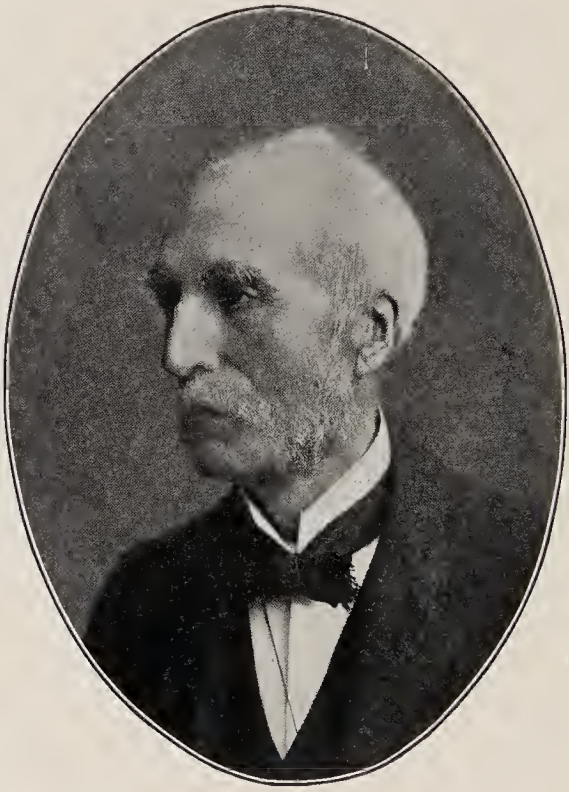
Dreamers

Keep thou thy dreams though faith should fail
and fail,
And time should loose thy fingers from the
cords;
The Vision of the Christ will still avail
To lead thee on to truth and tender deeds.

Keep thou thy dreams though all the winters
cold;
Where weeds are withered and the garden grey—
Dream thou of roses, with their hearts of gold,—
Beckon to Summers that are on their way.

Keep thou thy dreams, — the tissue of
all things
Is woven fond of them; your dreams
are made
The precious and imperishable things
Whose loveliness lives on — and does not fade.

Virna Sheard



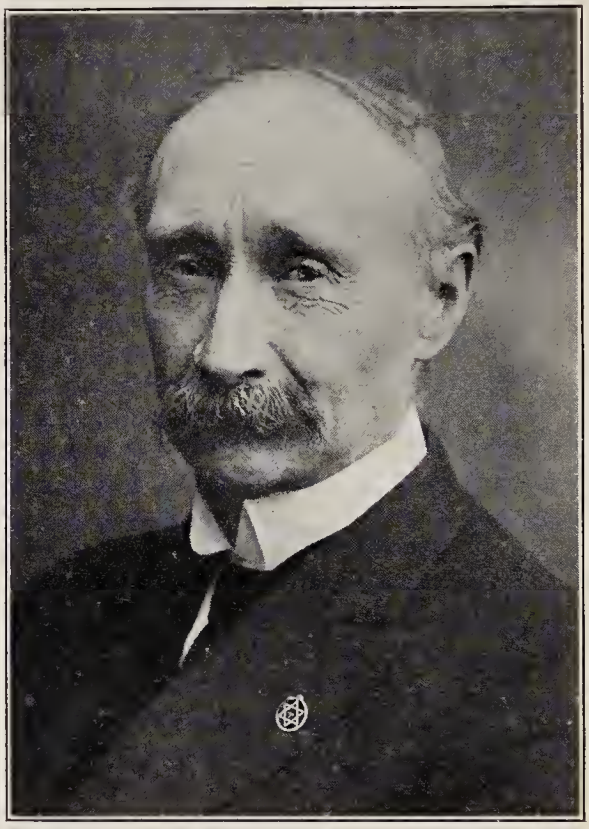
GOLDWIN SMITH

Author of *Bay Leaves, Specimens of a Greek Tragedy,* etc.

Translated from the Greek of Bion.

I wept Theonoe lost; but one fair child
His father's heart of half its woe beguiled.
And now, sole source of hope and comfort left,
That one fair child by envious fate is reft.
Death, hear a father's prayer and lay to rest
My little one on its lost mother's breast.

Goldwin Smith.



ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE

Author of *The Garden of the Sun.*

Easter Eve.

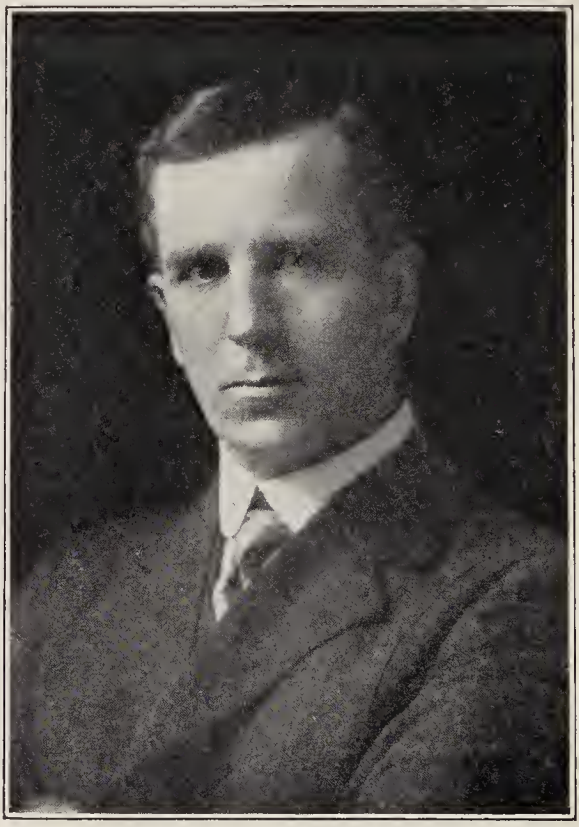
Lines for Lehar's Waltz Strain.

Golden rose the moon of March that
still mild night;
Silver white through purple pierced
the star-points bright,
Not a whisper murmured in the
pines above,
Silence lived like music in a dream
of love.

Thirty years have vanished like the
sunset gleam,
Life and death the shadows falling
on a stream;
Good and ill betrayed us — wrought
no passing pang,
Peace the only perfect gift the soul
attains

Birth has taught us yearning for
Eternal Day;
Births to come will set us far
that Shining Way;
Beauty clothes the pageant, Love
preserves it whole;
All the mighty magic revives the
Sinless Soul

Robert E. Vaughan.



ROBERT J. C. STEAD

Author of *Songs of the Prairie, Empire Builders, Empire Born, Kitchener and Other Poems, Why don't they Cheer,* etc.

Kitchener.

Weep, mares of England! Hotter clay
Was ne'er to nobler grave consigned;
The wild mares weep with us to-day
Who mourn a nation's master-mind.

We hoped an honored age for him,
And ashes laid with England's great;
And rapturous music, and the dim
Deep hush that veils our Tount of State.

But this is better. Let him sleep
Where sleep the men who made us free,
For England's heart is in the deep,
And England's glory is the sea.

Leap, mares of England! Boastful be,
And fling defiance in the blast;
For Earth is envious of the Sea
Which shelters England's dead at last.

Robert J. C. Stead

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ARTHUR STRINGER

Author of *The Woman in the Rain, Irish Poems, Open Water,* etc.

On a Child's Portrait

Deep in the fluted hollow of the shell
Dimly some echo of the Ocean dwells.

Still in September's frontage, mellow-coved,
The filtered sweets of golden noons are stored.

And shimmering on a blue-fish's nipped wings
Some poignant touch of Junio's lost opes clings.

Still in the rustling sheaf today there flame
The lingering gold of April's vanished dream.

Still in the call of one autumnal bee
I find lost Summer in epitome.

And all that better life that I would lead,
Wait small in this, one childish face, I read.

Arthur Stringer

ALAN SULLIVAN

To the Grave of an Unknown British Soldier

Knit thyself close, memorial grass,
Green be and strong, O sacred Sod
And, lest a careless traveller pass
Unmoved, let every hidden clod
Enriched by this once valiant frame,
Beneath the ripple of a mound,
Pour out such echoes of his name
That they shall reach him - underground:

Unmarked - save on the deathless page -
He heard, he hastened, fought and fell
For a swift perilled heritage
So late perceived, but loved so well
That this mute clay, half man, half boy,
In some divine awakening caught,
Set it against all dreams and joy
And died in rapture at the thought:

Earth hath her dumb and poignant moods,
Her ancient passions of regret,
And with elusive pity broods,
Though man himself too soon forget:
No chill oblivion enters where
Her slumbrous eyes for death alone,
Not solitary is he there -
Who rests with her rests not alone

Alan Sullivan

ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

The Peace

I was made for the smallest hands to
press,
For the softest kiss and the quiet caress,
For the whispered peace of a night in June
For tired eyes that watch the moon.
I was made for grief and for hearts
that break
To passionate tears for loves dear sake.
My soul is a mist, my heart a sea
And I pave the floors of eternity —

Archibald Sullivan

EVE BRODLIQUE SUMMERS

L'apres

There is no absence, though indeed it seems
That in a distant-land you sometimes stray,
Shut far from me by mountains and by streams
Nathless, feel your presence night and day
Your cheek next mine reads all through out my dreams.

There is no absence, though mile after mile
Stretches between your clinging hands and mine,
In every wave of light I see your smile,
From every shadow watch your dark eyes shine
And feel our love over-reaching all exile!

Death is but so-called absence, long drawn out
Wherein your spirit sweeps to mine again,
Undimmed by distance and unmarred by fear
Unfettered by the accident of pain
My Own! My dread the distance – There – or Here?

Emily Modlique Summers

FRANCES BEATRICE TAYLOR

Author of *White Winds of Dawn.*

Little Babette

Little Babette, you have gone away.
And whither you journeyed, none may tell,
Into a fairer place, they say.
Fields of lilies and asphodel —
Pansies you tended, and mignonette,
Little Babette.

Wild pink roses you watched an hour,
Under the blossomy almond tree,
White moon-daisies and balsam flower
Wake again for your memory, —
Maybe the soul of you loves them yet.
Little Babette.

God has meadows, perchance as sweet,
God has gardens of starry bloom,
Past the Gates, and the Golden Street
The little angels will make you room.
And still, I think, you will not forget
Little Babette.

Frances Beatrice Taylor.

HARTLEY M. THOMAS

Author of *Songs of an Airman and Other Poems.*

"H——— R.F.C., wearing believed killed"

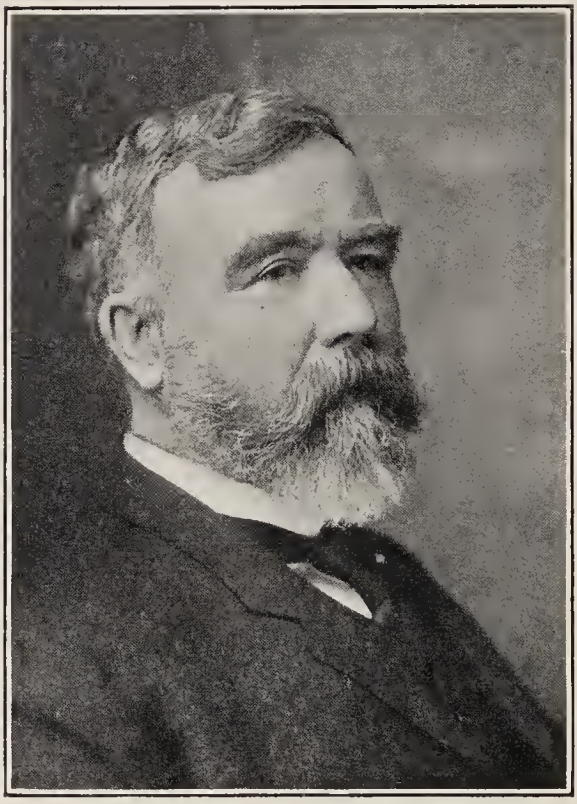
A rain drop on the leaf
of a rose is here —
The purest form of grief
Is a sunbeam's tear.

The airman who is slain
Has a petal shroud
And he feels the gentle rain
From the mourning cloud.

Where comrade sunbeams leap
In the open space,
where the hero fell asleep
With a smiling face.

12th S
R.F.C
29/6/17

Hartley W. Thomas



EDWARD WILLIAM THOMSON

Author of *The Many-Mansioned House and Other Poems, When Lincoln Died and Other Poems,* etc.

From

The Willow Whistle.

A day when April willows fringed the pool
Of fifty years ago with freshening gold,
Myself came trudging from the country school
With my tall grandsire of the wars of old;
His peaceful pen-knife trimmed a ravished shoot,
Nicked deep the green and hollowed out the white,
To fashion for the child a willow flute,
His age exulting in the shrill delight;
"For so," he said, "my grandsire made
The sweetest whistle ever blew,
When I and he were you and me
And all the world was new."

Now grandson "Billy" snuggles palm in mine.
"Over the hills!" he blows, "and far away!"
O pipe of treacly, how clear and fine
Thy single note salutes the yearning day!
The breeze in branches bare, the whistling wing,
The subtle-bubbling frogs, the blue-birds call,
The quivering sounds of ever-piercing Spring,
That one thin willow note attunes them all:
And, far and near at once, I hear
The sweetest whistle ever blew,
Lilting again the olden strain,
And all the world is new.

E. W. Thomson

BERNARD FREEMAN TROTTER

Author of *A Canadian Twilight and Other Poems of War and Peace.*

I see with the clear vision of that
unstained prime,
Before the fools fields jangled in,
and Elfland ceased to chime,
That sin and pain and sorrow
are but a pantomime—
A dance of leaves in ether, of leaves
threadbare and sere,
From whose decaying husks at last
what glory shall appear
When the white winter angel leads in
the happier year.

And so I sing the poplars and when
I come to die
I will not look for jasper walls but
cast about my eye
For a row of windblown poplars
against an English sky.

Bernard K. Cotter

The Poplars

O, a lush green English meadow — it's
there that I would lie —
A skylark singing overhead, scarce present
to the eye,
And a row of windblown poplars against
an English sky.

x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x

When the wind goes through the poplars
and blows them silver white,
The wonder of the universe is flashed
before my sight:
I see immortal visions: I know a god's
delight.

x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x

I catch the secret rythm that steals
along the earth,
That swells the bud, and splits the
burr, and gives the oak its girth,
That mocks the blight and canker
with its eternal birth.

x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x

JOHN F. WADDINGTON

Author of *Canada and Other Poems.*

From: "The Little Things"

The little tender blades of grass,
The tiny buds of green,
The shoots, the fronds that in a mass
Beneath the moss are seen;
The delicate, untempered growth
That every forest bears
As if the very Earth were loath
To advertise her wares,—
Are still as beautiful, as dear
To Him who gave their life
As any bloom that does not fear
The highway and the strife.

The hidden, gentle thoughts that rise
Like wind blown scent of flowers
Wafting their incense to the skies
Endowed with secret powers
To charm, to soothe, to drive away
The rough, uncouth veneer
Of unkind moods that try to slay
With barb or pointed spear,—
How we should welcome them. I know
From whence their sweetness springs—
To set the happy heart a glow,
To give the Spirit wings.

John Hunter Waddington

AILEEN WARD

The Vagabond

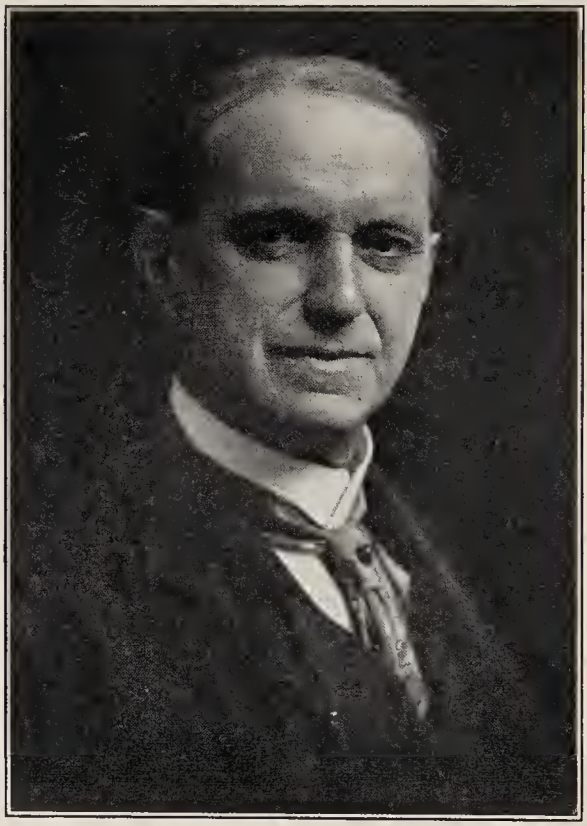
I do not know the roads of haste,
The wending lanes I would divine;
No minute of the hours I waste
When laughter of the leaves is mine.

I hear the grasses talk and jest,
The cool green ferns beguile my eyes,
No longer is my heart oppress
Since fellowship with butterflies

The wayside blooms commune with me,
I join the singing of the trees;
Debating winds with me agree.
I know the secrets of the leas

Oh, nevermore shall I despond!
All nature leads me far from strife
I'll be a merry vagabond,
And revel on the ways of life

— Aileen Ward.



ALBERT DURRANT WATSON

Author of *Heart of the Hills, The Wing of the Wild Bird, Poetical Works of Albert Durrant Watson,* etc.

This Very Hour

If all the kind deeds never done
Should blossom into flower
The Earth would be a Paradise
This very hour.

If all the dear words never said
Found utterance today
The winter in a million hearts
Would turn to May.

If all our good intentions were
Pushed on to gracious deed
I think their power would
promptly end
The age of greed.

— Albert Durrant Watson

ETHELWYN WETHERALD
(BEL THISTLEWAITE)

Author of *The House of the Trees, Tangled in Stars, The Radiant Road, The Last Robin, Tree-top Mornings,* etc.

Legacies.

Unto my friends I give
my thoughts,
Unto my God my soul,
unto my foe I leave my
love —
That is of life the whole.

Nay, there is something,
a trifle, left:
Who shall receive this
dower?
See, Earth Mother, a
handful of dust,
Turn it into a flower

Ethelwyn Wetherald

ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON

Author of *Eager Footsteps and Other Poems.*

Missed

The mother-arms are born, not made;
The mother-flame burns bright unfed,
And there's a sweet place hollowed out
Somewhere, for every little head.
The mother-tears are dried not shed
When little heads go otherwhere,
And little heads who miss that place
Can never know what waited there.

Anne Elizabeth Wilson

Appendix

Biographical Notes

(*Page 16.*)

William Talbot Allison was born at Unionville, Ont., Dec. 20, 1874. He was educated at Victoria University, Toronto (M.A., 1899), and at Yale University (M.A., 1910). Entering the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, he was stationed at Stayner, Ont., from 1901 to 1906, when he was appointed Professor of English at Wesley College, Winnipeg. In 1920 he accepted a similar place on the Faculty of the University of Manitoba. He is literary editor of the Winnipeg *Tribune,* writing under the pen-name of "Ivanhoe." His syndicated articles on current book topics are featured in several of our leading dailies.

(*Page 18.*)

Blanche Lamontagne Beauregard, poet and novelist, was born at Escoumains, County Saguenay, on the shores of the St. Lawrence River, January 13, 1899. She was educated at Mont Saint Marie Convent, Montreal. As the selection from her work herein given would indicate, she is an ardent lover of Nature, and especially of the trees. Of herself she writes: "I early knew the life of the country people. I learned to love them . . . . I wish to consecrate my lyre to sing of the country, and I have not any other ambition but to become the poetess of the habitants." Mrs. Beauregard is the author of several volumes of verse, but, like many other of our poets, has of late turned more to the writing of fiction. Her early life was spent in Lower Quebec, not far from Gaspe, but since her marriage to Mr. Hector Beauregard she has lived in Montreal. She is associate editor of *Journal d'Agriculture* and *La Revue Nationale,* of that City.

(*Page 20.*)

John Wilson Bengough, whose inimitable cartoons made him known from one end of Canada to the other and far beyond, was born in Toronto, April 7, 1851. In 1873 he founded *Grip,* the Canadian *Punch,* which he edited for nearly twenty years. When it ceased publication his cartoons continued to feature the *Globe* and other papers. During the Chamberlain fiscal campaign in Great Britain he crossed to England and contributed cartoons to the British press. In 1899 he was appointed Professor of Elocution in Wycliffe College. During 1907 he sat in the Toronto City Council. His death, which took place October 2, 1923, removed from public life a genial, kindly spirit, whose work, alike with voice and pen and crayon, had always been inspired by the highest ideals of public service.

(*Page 22.*)

Mary Josephine Benson, daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Trotter, Baptist minister, and sister of Bernard Freeman Trotter, comes on her father's side from an old Leicestershire family, numbering in its train the distinguished soldier, General Sir James Outram,

of Indian Mutiny fame. Her husband, Dr. H. W. Benson, is of the same stock as William Wordsworth, whose name he bears. Born in Port Hope, March 20, 1887, successive changes in her father's pastoral relation made her a resident in turn of several places before finally marrying and settling in Port Hope. For some years she was engaged in journalism and other occupations in Toronto, the love for which city has not been crowded out by her affection for her native Port Hope.

(*Page 24.*)

JEAN BLEWETT, whose kindly muse, reminiscent at times of the American poet, Will Carleton, has led to her being called "the sweetest of Canada's poets," is the daughter of John and Janet McKishnie, from Argyleshire, Scotland, and was born at New Scotland, Kent County, Ontario. She began writing at an early age, her first book, *Out of the Depths,* being published when she was but seventeen. Subsequent volumes of verse, *Heart Songs* (1898) and *The Cornflower and Other Poems* (1906), gave her a secure seat in the Canadian choir, establishing for her a place in the hearts of many thousands of readers in Canada and the United States. In a later volume, *Jean Blewett's Poems* (McClelland & Stewart, 1922), are gathered the choicest of her previously published verse, together with a selection from more recent work. Mrs. Blewett writes equally well in prose and in verse. An American writer, Stanley Waterloo, in a biographical sketch, remarks of her: "Mrs. Blewett possesses that subtle gift which ensures success as a writer—the power to make you hear and feel with her." No less true is the tribute of Dr. Thomas O'Hagan: "Mrs. Blewett possesses a deep and rich nature, made deeper and richer by the wisdom of a kindly, gentle and womanly heart, ever attuned to the higher and better things of life." Her writings have been a popular feature of the Toronto *Globe* for many years. She resides in Toronto, where public readings from her poems and her active interest in Church and social movements have made her a well-known figure in the City's life.

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ARTHUR STANLEY BOURINOT, son of the late Sir John Bourinot, K.C.M.G., LL.D. (for many years Clerk of the House of Commons at Ottawa), was born in Ottawa, October 3, 1893. From the Collegiate Institute of that City he graduated to the University of Toronto, but before his course there was finished the War broke out, and in 1915 he enlisted, was given a commission, and went overseas. He served in the Royal Air Force in France, was taken prisoner in 1916, and was held in Germany until the close of the War. On his return home he took the course in Law at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, and graduated in 1920. At present he is practising his profession in Ottawa.

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REUBEN BUTCHART, son of David and Catherine Butchart, Canadian-born farming folk, had his birth in Eramosa Township, Wellington County, April 22, 1863. His father's parents were of the splendid stock lured out to Canada from Scotland by John Galt when founding his Canada Company settlements in the Huron Tract. With them came a young man named William Lyon Mackenzie. Our poet re-

ceived his education in the Public and High Schools of Georgetown, Fergus and Milton. Coming to Toronto in 1885, he entered the service of Edmund E. Sheppard, then editor of the *Daily News*. For two years he engaged in the rough and tumble of daily newspaper life, at times reporting legislative proceedings when Oliver Mowat and his cohorts were holding the fort for Liberalism in the old Parliament Buildings on Front Street. When Mr. Sheppard founded the *Saturday Night* he took young Butchart with him, and for a score of years he served as business manager of the concern, devoting such spare time as he had to the writing of poems and special articles for the Canadian and American press. He forsook Canada for life in a big American city for a year, but found the attraction of his native land too strong to allow of longer self-exile. For many years he has been a leader amongst the Disciples of Christ in Ontario and editor of their official organ, *The Canadian Disciple*.

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Frank Oliver Call, Professor of Modern Languages in Bishop's College, Lennoxville, P.Q., was born at West Brome, P.Q., April 11, 1878. He was educated at Stanstead College, McGill University, and Bishop's College. After graduation he travelled and studied extensively in Europe. His first book, *In a Belgian Garden,* was published in London in 1916. The poem which gave its title to the book was widely copied in the press both during and after the War. A volume of Prof. Call's prose sketches entitled *Highways and Byways in French Canada* will soon be published.

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William Wilfred Campbell, son of Rev. Thos. S. Campbell, Anglican clergyman, was born in Berlin (now Kitchener), Ontario, June 1, 1861. A few years later his father accepted an incumbency at Wiarton, on the shores of Georgian Bay, and it was here that the magic and mystery of the Great Lakes, with their "purple glow at even" and their "crimson waves at dawn," awakened the spirit of poesy in our "Poet of the Lakes." Campbell came of an ancient Scottish family, numbering in its genealogical chain Thomas Campbell, the poet, and Henry Fielding, the novelist. Beginning active life as a school-teacher, he abandoned that profession to enter the ministry. He studied in Wycliffe College, Toronto, and from there proceeded to a post-graduate course at Harvard University. He was ordained at Concord, Mass., and appointed rector of the Episcopal church at West Claremont, New Hampshire, where he labored until called in 1888 to a rectorship at St. Stephen, New Brunswick. It was while resident in the latter place that he gave to the press his first volume, *Lake Lyrics*, which was published at St. John in 1889. The publication of this book at once gave Campbell a place in the front rank of Canadian poets, conjoined with Roberts, Carman and the two Scotts in that famous quintette who had their birth in the early 60's. In 1891 he retired from the ministry to enter the Civil Service at Ottawa, and in that service he remained until his death, which took place at his country residence, "Kilmorie," near Ottawa, on the first day of the year 1919. In his later years Campbell turned

his hand from purely lyrical verse to more ambitious efforts in the line of drama. It was to this element in his work that he looked for the final establishment of his place in the literature of his country. He tried his hand with indifferent success at fiction. He was essentially a poet, with a lofty conception of the sphere and calling of the poet as the prophet, the teacher, the preacher, ever holding up to his fellows the higher ends of life.

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Bliss Carman perhaps generally will be conceded to be the most distinguished of the Canadian poets, as undoubtedly he is the most prolific. No less than twenty-three volumes of verse from his pen have enriched our literature. The earlier of these are now eagerly sought after by book-collectors. He is a cousin of Charles, William and Theodore Roberts and their gifted sister, Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald, as also of Barry Straton, and was born in Fredericton, N.B., April 15, 1861. His studies were pursued in the universities of Fredericton and Edinburgh, with a course in Law at Harvard. After a few years of varied activity in law, teaching, field engineering, and journalism, he turned his attention entirely to literature, with a rapidly growing reputation. He established the *Chap-Book* in 1894. It was during the previous year that his first book of verse, *Low Tide on Grand Pré,* was published in New York. In recent years he has yielded to the demand for recitals from his poems, giving readings throughout Canada and the United States. His striking personal appearance and unusual style of dress give him an air of distinction which attracts immediate attention wherever he appears. He is unmarried and makes his infrequent home at New Canaan, Connecticut.

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Elspeth Honeyman Clarke brings a fresh, clear voice to the Canadian choir from the Pacific slope. She was born at Ladner, B.C., on April 9th, 1890, and educated at All Hallows, Yale, B.C., and the University of British Columbia. A gripping poem of hers, *Out There,* was used by the United States Government in its Liberty Loan campaign; another, *Canada's Answer,* was translated into French and widely circulated in France during the War. She was married in 1921 to Mr. T. E. Clarke, C.E., and resides wherever the wanderings of a civil engineer carry her husband.

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Helena Coleman, daughter of the late Rev. Francis Coleman, a well-known pioneer preacher of Ontario Methodism, and sister of Prof. A. P. Coleman, the noted geologist and explorer, was born at Newcastle, Ont., April 27, 1860. She was the first graduate in music and gold medallist of the Ontario Ladies College, Whitby, and to this College, after a course of study with German masters, she returned to teach for some years. Her first book, *Songs and Sonnets,* published in 1906, under the auspices of the Tennyson Club of Toronto, gave her high standing in the select company of the poets. Like her brother, she has a keen relish for travel, which has led to excursions through Europe, the West Indies, and the Southern States,

as well as throughout Canada. In summer she resides at "Pinehurst," among her much-beloved Thousand Islands; in winter, with her brother in Toronto. Many of our younger writers have been stimulated and inspired by her kindly encouragement and helpful criticism, and to her work they might well turn for a model in faultless finish and the perfection of rhyme.

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ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD, whom a scarcely less gifted sister poet, Miss Wetherald, describes as "a brilliant and fadeless figure in the annals of Canadian literary history," was the daughter of Dr. Stephen Crawford, M.R.C.P., an Englishman, who established a practice in Dublin and married an Irish lady. She was born in the City of Dublin, December 25, 1850. Dr. Crawford removed with his family to Australia in 1856, but not liking conditions there, decided to try his fortunes in Upper Canada, settling at Paisley in 1858. In 1864 he removed to the village of Lakefield, and eight years later to Peterboro. On the death of her father, in 1875, Isabella and her mother, sole survivors, save one son, of an original household of fourteen, removed to Toronto. Here for twelve years this gifted young woman struggled bravely to maintain herself and her mother by the products of her pen in prose and verse. In 1884 a collection of her poems entitled *Old Spookses Pass, Malcolm's Katie, and Other Poems,* was brought out in paper covers as a private venture, and, its literary worth practically unrecognized, had an unremunerative sale. Repeated misfortunes and continual discouragements sapped the strength of a constitution never robust, and on the 12th of February, 1887, death came with startling suddenness. She died of heart failure, as her mother had a few years earlier, at their home at the south-east corner of King and John streets, Toronto. Her remains were conveyed to Peterboro and interred on the 4th of March in the Little Lake Cemetery, where some years later a neat monument was placed over the grave by the Peterboro Historical Society. A collection of Miss Crawford's poems, compiled and edited by Mr. John W. Garvin, with an Introduction by Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald, was published in 1905. A melancholy and tragic interest attaches to the memory of this brilliant but unfortunate young woman, declared by Duncan Campbell Scott to be "the most richly endowed of our poets." Among the papers left by her was found a letter from Lord Dufferin, dated at Constantinople, June 21, 1884, congratulating her on the merit of her work, and adding: "It is time now that Canada should have a literature of its own, and I am glad to think that you should have so nobly shown the way."

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SARAH ANNE CURZON was born in Birmingham, England, in 1833, and with her husband and children came to Canada in 1862, settling in Toronto. Here she became a frequent contributor in prose and verse to the press and a close student of Canadian history. She was the first President of the Woman's Canadian Historical Society, organized in 1895. Her book of verse, *Laura Secord, the Heroine of 1812,* a drama, published in 1884, led to the formation of several historical societies. She died in Toronto, November 8, 1898.

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Nicholas Flood Davin, journalist, barrister, legislator, was born at Kilfinane, Co. Limerick, Ireland, January 13, 1843. He was educated at Queen's College, Cork, and London University, and was called to the Bar of Middle Temple in 1868. During the Franco-Prussian War he served as war correspondent for the London *Standard*. He came to Canada in 1872, joining the staff of the Toronto *Globe*, and later transferring to the Toronto *Mail*. In 1874 he resumed his profession. A notable case placed in his hands was the defence of Bennett, charged with the murder of Hon. George Brown, in 1880. He removed to Regina in 1882 and established the *Leader*, the first paper in the then District of Assiniboia, which under his editorship became a strongly influential journal in the West. Entering politics, he was elected to the House of Commons in 1887 as member for West Assiniboia, and held the seat until his death, in Winnipeg, in 1901. He was one of the few men in our public life who combined political sagacity with ripe scholarship and broad literary culture, having a thorough acquaintance with Hebrew, Greek, Latin, German and French. The best known of his prose works is *The Irishman in Canada*, published in 1877.

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Gonzalve Desaulniers, Justice of the Superior Court of Quebec, comes of a family long identified with the history of the valley of the St. Maurice. He was born at St. Guillaume d'Upton, P.Q., June 24, 1863. In earlier life he participated actively in the political movements of the day, and for several years was proprietor and editor of *Le National*, which expounded the advanced ideas of the young Liberals of that time. For fifteen years he has been President of L'Alliance Francaise, to which office he was first elected in 1909. Though possessed during his professional life of an extensive law practice, and with little enough leisure in his present judicial office, he has contrived to find time for very considerable literary work, and holds a high place in the brilliant company of living French-Canadian poets.

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Edward Hartley Dewart, D.D., was born in the County of Cavan, Ireland, March 28, 1828, and came six years later with his parents to Upper Canada, where they settled on a farm in the County of Peterborough. After teaching school for a time he entered the Methodist ministry, in 1851, and was ordained in 1855. After filling many important charges he was elected in 1869 to the editorship of the *Christian Guardian*, a position he continued to hold up to 1894. A man of strong convictions, wielding a trenchant pen and powerful in debate, he took a leading part in all the great movements within his Church, and did much through his paper to mould public opinion on moral and social questions. He was elected President of the Canadian Press Association in 1889. His anthology, *Selections from the Canadian Poets*, published in Montreal in 1864, was the first attempt made to gather into a volume representative work of our native bards, and is today a prize for book-collectors. He died in Toronto, June 17, 1903.

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JAMES B. DOLLARD, Rector of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto, was born in Kilkenny, Ireland, August 30, 1872. He is descended from an ancient Norman family that crossed the Channel with William the Conqueror and in later times formed part of the English migration into Ireland. In 1890 he came to Canada, and, deciding to enter the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church, took up his studies in the Grand Seminary of Montreal. He was ordained priest at St. James Cathedral, in that City, in 1895. He was stationed at Uptergrove, Ont., and St. Monica's, Toronto, before entering on his present charge.

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WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND, "pathfinder of a new land of song," to use the happy phrase applied to him by Louis Fréchette, was born at Mohill, Co. Leitrim, Ireland, April 13, 1854, the son of an officer in the Royal Irish Constabulary. While he was quite young the family removed to Canada. He studied medicine at Bishop's College, Lennoxville, and received his degree in 1884. For several years, while conducting a general practice in Montreal, he held the chair of Medical Jurisprudence in his Alma Mater. In poetry he chose as his special field the portrayal in dialect verse of the quaint life of the French-Canadian habitant, for whom he had genuine admiration. The dialect was not intended to represent the ordinary speech of the French-Canadian people, but was used as a suitable vehicle to express the delightful humor and tender pathos characteristic of the French-speaking population, which elements make his verses at once so human and so captivating. His widow, in a memoir of her husband, characterizes his poems as "portraits tenderly drawn by the master hand of a true artist, and one who knew and loved the originals." His first book, *The Habitant and Other French-Canadian Poems*, published in 1898, met with a sale unprecedented in the annals of Canadian verse, and was soon followed by others equally popular. His death took place, April 6th, 1907, while on a visit to Cobalt, where he had extensive mining interests.

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DOUGLAS LEADER DURKIN is a native son of Dufferin County, Ontario. He was born on a farm near Shelburne on the 9th of July, 1884. He is of Irish extraction, with a judicious admixture, on the maternal side, of English. When he had reached twelve his father decided that the great open spaces of the West offered the freest opportunity for the lad. Leaving the rail at Dauphin, Manitoba, they made their way by ox-team and covered wagon over the old Sifton trail through the Duck Mountains and took up homestead in the Swan River Valley. Here our future poet, after three seasons of construction work on the Canadian Northern, entered the Swan River High School, whence he issued as its first graduate. After a year or more of teaching in Minitonas he entered Wesley College, Winnipeg, in 1902. Six years later he graduated from the University of Manitoba. Beginning his career as a Methodist probationer, he withdrew from the pulpit to take up the work of Boys' Secretary in the Spokane Y.M.C.A. This post was exchanged in twelve months for a place on the staff of Brandon College. Four years there and

seven in the English Department of Manitoba University were followed by three spent in teaching "The Technique of the Novel" in Columbia University, after which the lure of the pen led him to devote the whole of his time to writing. Prof. Durkin's book of verse, *The Fighting Men of Canada,* was brought out in 1918. Since then he has left the paths of poesy for the more lucrative byways of prose. Besides three published books of fiction he has written twelve serial novels and a score of short stories in the last three years. When at home his address is 2631 Burns Street, Vancouver, B.C.

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Helen Merrill Egerton is a daughter of the late Judge Edwards Merrill of the Prince Edward County Court. She is of United Empire Loyalist and French Huguenot ancestry and a kinswoman of Jonathan Edwards and Nathan Hale. Her home, "Morella Villa," at Picton, was picturesquely set upon a hill overlooking the beautiful Bay of Quinte, an environment which richly fed a mind naturally inclined to the love of beauty. A true child of nature, such has been her passionate delight in the varied beauties of field and forest and waters that some critics have called her a pantheist. While not a prolific writer, her work in prose and verse has been singularly vital and wholesome. Her interests have been divided between literary pursuits and the history of the Province, particularly of the U.E. Loyalists. At the Brock Centenary at Queenston, Mrs. Egerton, who was secretary of the U.E. Loyalists Association of Canada, under whose auspices the celebration was held, was adopted formally into the Oneida tribe of the Six Nations Indians and given the name of Kaya-tonhs (Keeper of records). At present she is a member of the executive of the U.E. Loyalists, Vice-President of the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Authors' Association, a member of the Theatre Guild of Toronto, and of the Chamberlain Association and the American Society of Colonial Families of Boston. She was married in 1917 to Mr. Frank Egerton, of Maidstone, Kent, England, and resides in Toronto.

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Alexander Louis Fraser was born at Blue Mountain, Pictou County, N.S., July 8, 1870. He was educated at the Pictou Academy, Dalhousie University (B.A., M.A.), and the Presbyterian College, Halifax (B.D., D.D.). He took up post-graduate studies in Edinburgh, and on his return entered the ministry of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and was ordained in 1897. After a couple of years spent in teaching New Testament Exegesis at the Presbyterian College, he took up pastoral work, successively, at Newport and Great Village, N.S., and Smith's Falls, Ont., when he was invited to the Park Street Church, Halifax, where he still remains.

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Louis Fréchette, c.m.g., advocate, journalist, poet, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, was born at Levis, P.Q., Nov. 16, 1839. On completing his classical studies he entered the Quebec Faculty of Law, in 1860, and graduated four years later. Abandoning law he entered journalism, as editor of the Levis *Journal,* in 1865. Finding

that his views were too liberal to meet general favor, he expatriated himself to Chicago, where he founded successively two papers, *L'Observateur* (1866) and *L'Amerique* (1868-71), which received but limited support in the French colony of Chicago. Returning to Canada in 1871, Fréchette threw himself whole-heartedly into politics. For four years (1874-78) he represented the County of Levis in the House of Commons, but, defeated in the elections of 1878, and again in 1882, he decided to retire from politics and devote his entire time and talents to literature. A collection of poems written by him during the years 1866-68, entitled *La Voix d'un Exile* (The Voice of an Exile), a tiny volume of four by five inches, was published in Chicago in 1869. A copy of this book is in the possession of the Toronto Reference Library. One of the poems in it saw the light on the occasion of McGee's death. One of his early books, *Pêle Mêle* (1877), had brought him wide notice, but the one which followed, *Fleurs Boréales et Oiseaux de Neige* (Northern Flowers and Snowbirds), proved a veritable triumph. The crowning of this work by the French Academy in 1880 gave him international standing as a poet, and was received with general acclamation throughout Canada. A succeeding volume, *La Légende d'un Peuple* (The Legend of a People), published in Paris in 1887, is regarded as his finest achievement and has been termed "the Epic of New France." A charming prose work, *Christmas in French Canada*, issued both in French and English, has had a wide and continued sale. His death took place in Montreal on the 31st of May, 1908.

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Pauline Fréchette, poet, dramatist, journalist, lecturer, youngest daughter of Louis Fréchette, was born in Montreal, Oct. 16th, 1889. Her studies were pursued at Villa Maria Convent, C.N.D., whence she graduated in 1908. In addition to the charming volume of verse, *Tu m'as donné le plus doux rêve,* with preface by Hon. Gonzalve Desaulniers, she is author of a work in prose entitled *L'Art d'être une bonne Mère,* which was highly praised in medical circles and was honored by a long study from Leon Berthaut, of Paris. The Duke of Bauffremont, who specializes in French-Canadian literature, has said of this poetess: "She does not lack of inspiration and originality. These verses are from a poet, a real poet. Poetry does not consist in putting rhymes in line and in using rare words: poetry is the way of feeling and thinking and in the way of seeing things—qualities that Mrs. Fréchette possesses in a supreme degree." Henri d'Arles has consecrated an extensive criticism to her volume of verses. In *Nos Poetes,* of Paris, we read: "One finds in Mrs. Fréchette's works the sincerity of inspiration and the sensibility which are so fascinating in Louis Fréchette's poetry. It is like a charming inheritance which the author of *Tu m'as donné le plus doux rêve* has put in value." Many of Mrs. Fréchette's poems have been set to music in Montreal and in Paris. She is fond of travel and has given the press racy descriptions of her journeys. She is frequently called upon to give public readings from her poems. She resides at Ville de Léry, Chateauguay County, Que., near Montreal. Mrs. Fréchette has published a collection of her father's works under the title of *Cent*

morceaux choisis de Louis Fréchette, with a preface by Senator L. O. David.

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Amélia W. Garvin (Katherine Hale) is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Warnock, of Galt, Ontario. Her father was a native of Kilmarnock, Scotland; her mother was Miss Katherine Hale Byard, of Mobile, Alabama. She was born in Galt, and educated there and at "Glen Mawr," a private school in Toronto. A special study of singing followed under the best masters in New York. Articles on Wagnerian opera, contributed while in New York to the Toronto *Mail and Empire,* led to her engagement with the latter paper as editor of Contemporary Literature under the now well-known nom-de-plume of Katherine Hale. Upon her marriage, in 1912, to Mr. John W. Garvin, she withdrew from her connection with that paper, but continued to contribute prose and verse to the leading magazines and to develop a unique type of recital work. She was asked by the Department of Education to give lectures on Canadian literature in the Normal Schools of the Province. In 1912 she was elected President of the Women's Press Club, in 1919 of the Women's Canadian Club, and in 1924 of the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Authors' Association. In 1914 her first book of poems appeared, under the title *Grey Knitting,* a war poem very widely reproduced. *The White Comrade* was published in 1916; *The New Joan* in 1917; *Canadian Cities of Romance* in 1922; *Morning in the West* in 1923; *Life of Isabella Valancy Crawford* (Makers of Canadian Literature Series) in 1924; *Legends of the St. Lawrence* in 1925. Katherine Hale has given readings and folk-song recitals at Columbia University, New York, and in Philadelphia and many other American cities.

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Charles Ignace Adelard Gill, one of the most brilliant of our French-Canadian poets, was a son of Charles Gill, Judge of the Superior Court of Montreal. He was born at Sorel, Oct. 21, 1871. After a course at Saint Laurent College, near Montreal, he, while yet only nineteen, set out for Paris, where he spent five years studying painting under Gérome at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. During these formative years he frequented the literary cafes and became acquainted with Verlaine and other noted French poets, and entered ardently into the discussions which took place at these gathering places. His chief pursuit in life, however, was that of painting. Poetry was the avocation of leisure hours, but, even at that, it won for him enviable distinction. For twenty-five years he held the post of Professor of Design in the Jacques Cartier Normal School, Montreal. His death took place in that City Oct. 16, 1918. A contemporary writes of him: "In physique Gill had the figure and head of a god, his face framed in hair and beard in the Alphonse Daudet style, in the background of which burned eyes sombre and soft at the same time, which became indelibly engraven on one's memory at the first meeting."

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Alfred Gordon, poet and critic, is not of the native-born company of our poets. He had his birth in the City of London, August 13,

1888. He was educated in Finsbury Technical College, and came to Canada in 1910, settling in Montreal. During the fifteen years of residence here he has wielded a diligent and well-equipped pen. In addition to the two volumes of verse mentioned below his portrait he has, besides much fugitive verse, written short stories and many literary and critical articles for the American and Canadian magazines. Few, if any, of our writers have made a closer study than he of the technique of poetry. His lash falls heavily on the inartistic and careless.

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Susie Frances Harrison ("Seranus"), poet, musician, novelist, was born in Toronto, February 24, 1859. Much of her early life was spent in Eastern Ontario and Montreal, where she came in contact with and conceived a high regard for the French-Canadian people. She was one of the first of our writers to explore the French-Canadian field for character and descriptive sketches, and has done for the habitant of Lower Canada much the same service as George W. Cable has done for the Creoles of Louisiana. At the age of sixteen she began to contribute to the press essays, reviews and short stories. A collection of the latter, entitled *Crowded Out*, was published in 1888; the *Canadian Birthday Book* (edited) in 1889; *Pine, Rose and Fleur-de-lis* in 1891. She is author of two notable novels, *The Forest of Bourg-Marie* and *Ringfield*, the first as intimate a study of life in Quebec Province as Hemon's *Maria Chapdelaine*. An English reviewer declares *Ringfield* to be "equal to the Bronte studies of the Yorkshire moors or Hardy's tales of Dorset." Few of our Canadian writers have won as high praise from abroad as this talented lady, whom so economical a eulogist as the *Saturday Review* described as "a deep-hearted patriot whose series of song are veritable caskets of precious New World conceits." She was married in 1879 to J. W. F. Harrison, a well-known professional musician, and in 1887 came with him to Toronto, where she has since resided. She is an acknowledged authority on French-Canadian folk-songs, and has given occasional lectures on and recitals from these. She also has a high reputation as a musical critic and contributes regularly to the Conservatory *Quarterly*.

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Norah M. Holland Claxton, news of whose death early in the present year came with a sense of shock and sorrow to the Canadian public, was born in Collingwood, January 10, 1876. She came of distinguished ancestry. On her father's side she was a grandniece of the late Chief Justice Hagarty, whose ode, *The Funeral of Napoleon*, is one of our finest poems; her mother was a cousin of William Butler Yeats, the famous Irish poet. She was educated in the public schools of her native town and in the Port Dover and Parkdale Collegiate Institutes. She was employed at various times on the staff of the Dominion Press Clipping Bureau, the Toronto *Daily News*, as assistant editor of the *Canadian Courier*, and with the Macmillan Company of Canada. During 1904 she made an extended journey on foot through the south and west of Ireland gathering at first hand a great accumulation of Irish folklore. In 1922 she married Lionel William Claxton, a writer of tales and poems. She died, after a

short illness, on the 27th of April of this year. The Toronto *Globe* in announcing her lamented death paid the following kindly and well-merited tribute to her personality and work: "To readers of poetry the one who is gone will be always Norah Holland, the weaver of exquisite verse. A lover of children, a friend of dumb animals, and a staunch, stimulating comrade to numerous wayfarers who crossed her path, she touched life at many points and wrote inspiringly of its different phases. Her two books of verse, *Spunyarn and Spindrift* and *When Half Gods Go,* remain as monuments to her genius, and fascinating fairy stories proclaim her the friend of little children and a firm believer in that charming world of fancy unknown to the materialist."

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Hilda M. Hooke was born at Oldcombe, Somerset, England, October 3, 1898. She came to Canada in 1902. For some years after her arrival she was engaged in musical and dramatic work. She is at present secretary to the Chief Inspector of Public Schools, London, and seems to have become—for a time only, we hope—a lax worshipper at the shrine of the Muse.

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Hon. Joseph Howe, journalist, legislator, orator, poet, one of Canada's most gifted sons, was born, of U. E. L. parentage, at the North-West Arm, Halifax, N.S., December 13, 1804. The Howes are an ancient English family, tracing their descent back to the reign of Henry VIII. One John Howe was chaplain to Oliver Cromwell. A later ancestor, Sir William Howe, led the British forces at the battle of Bunker's Hill. At thirteen Joseph Howe entered the office of the Halifax *Gazette* as an errand boy; in 1827 he and a friend bought the *Weekly Chronicle* and re-named it *The Acadian;* early in 1828 he bought *The Nova Scotian,* which under his editorship had a great part in shaping the political movements of the time. Elected to the local Legislature in 1836, he continued to sit until 1863. It is a curious fact that, though in later years he became one of the most powerful opponents of Confederation, he was actually one of the first—as far back as 1851—to advocate it, in a strikingly eloquent speech. Ultimately persuaded by his old protagonist Sir Charles Tupper to discontinue opposition, he was given a place in the first Cabinet of Sir John A. Macdonald as Secretary of State. In 1873 he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, but lived to enjoy the honor for only a few short weeks. Worn out by long years of exceptional struggle, he died on the 1st of June, 1873. M. O. Hammond in his valuable work, *Confederation and its Leaders,* describes Howe as "a rugged radical, a pioneer Imperialist, a peerless orator, and a creative statesman." Prof. Ray Palmer Baker, of Harvard University, in his *History of English-Canadian Literature,* describes Howe as "the greatest pre-Confederation force in our literature," who "as journalist, essayist, orator, pamphleteer and friend touched his native country at every angle."

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Annie Campbell Huestis lends a voice of genuinely distinctive quality to the choir of Canadian singers. On her father's side she

comes of United Empire Loyalist ancestry, and on her mother's can trace descent back to two old Irish and English families. She is the daughter of Martin and Victoire Huestis, now of New York, formerly of Halifax, in which latter city she was born. The literary instinct was awakened in her at an early age. Her first poem was accepted and paid for by the New York *Independent* when she was only nine years old. Since then she has published both prose and verse in *Harper's* and other American magazines and papers, and has twice written her way through Europe. Her poetry is to be found in the different Canadian anthologies; no published volume has yet appeared. Her muse is inclined to be whimsical and spasmodic, but what she writes has the true hallmark of genius. She has been for six years in the Government service of Canada, but is now in a Library in New York.

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EMILY PAULINE JOHNSON, our Indian poetess Tekahionwake, was born on her father's estate, "Chiefswood," on the Reserve near Brantford, March 10, 1862. Her mother, Emily S. Howells, a Bristol (Eng.) lady, was a cousin of William Dean Howells. It was her poem *The Song My Paddle Sings* that first revealed the possession of high lyrical gifts. Invited to recite from her work at a public gathering in Toronto, she displayed such dramatic power that, encouraged by repeated demands, she began to devote herself to public recitals of her own verses. The intensity with which she threw herself into this work gradually undermined her health, and life reached its all too early close, in Vancouver, on the 7th of March, 1913. Under the shadow of Siwash Rock, in Stanley Park, a spot where she had loved to sit and read or write, now lie the remains of this gifted woman, a picturesque figure and sweet singer in the Canadian choir.

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ROBERT KIRKLAND KERNIGHAN, poet, press humorist and farmer, best known by his soubriquet "The Khan," was born April 15, 1857, on the Rushdale Farm, close by Hamilton, an estate which has remained in the family for upwards of a century. He began his journalistic career on the Hamilton *Spectator*. For a time he worked on the Winnipeg *Free Press,* and subsequently on the Toronto *Evening Telegram,* to which he is still a steady contributor. He served as a drummer-boy in the Fenian Raid and received for this the Government land grant and medal. British connection and tree-planting he declares to be his pet hobbies. His best-known poem is the song reproduced in our facsimile engraving, *The Men of the Northern Zone,* referring to which Sir John A. Macdonald remarked: "The Khan has coined a lasting phrase—a phrase which in the future will most fittingly describe the people of this land from Halifax to Esquimalt." He resides at "The Wigwam," Rushdale Farm, Rockton, Ontario.

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WILLIAM KIRBY, descended from an old Yorkshire family, was born at Kingston-upon-Hull, England, October 13, 1817. He came with his family to Canada in 1832. After a brief residence in Montreal, broken by a term at a Cincinnati school, he removed to Niagara, where

for twenty years he published and edited the *Mail*. He was appointed Collector of Customs in 1871, and held that post until his retirement in 1895. He was a prolific writer, but his title to a permanent place in literature rests chiefly in his famous story *The Golden Dog*, which appeared in New York and Montreal in 1877 and was translated into French by L. P. Le May and Louis Fréchette. Lord Tennyson wrote the author that few novels had given him greater pleasure. He was one of the original twenty members of the English section of the Royal Society of Canada, selected by the Marquis of Lorne when Governor-General of Canada. For some years he was President of the Niagara Historical Society, and was foremost in all patriotic movements. He read and spoke with fluency seven languages and carried on correspondence with prominent persons in almost every quarter of the globe, leaving behind him a mass of letters, manuscripts and literary treasures which it is hoped will be preserved in the Archives of the Province. He died at Niagara, June 23, 1906.

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ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN, declared by Prof. Pelham Edgar to be "Canada's greatest nature poet," was born November 17, 1861, at Morpeth, Ont., where his father, the Rev. Archibald Lampman, was rector of the Anglican Church. His forbears were of the so-called "Pennsylvania Dutch" migration and settled on lands provided by the British Government near Niagara in the latter part of the eighteenth century. A large part of the poet's boyhood was spent on the shores of Rice Lake, one of the loveliest of our smaller inland lakes, where his impressionable mind was strongly influenced by the beauty which kindly Nature had spread richly on every hand. Graduating from Trinity College, Toronto, in 1882, he had spent but a few months as assistant master in the Orangeville High School when a call came to the Civil Service at Ottawa. Here he remained until his death, which took place February 10, 1899. It is interesting to note that it was Charles G. D. Roberts who, when editor of *The Week*, published the first two of Lampman's poems to appear in public print. In 1887 he married a daughter of Dr. Edward Playter, of Toronto. His *Among the Millet*, published in 1888, attracted the attention of W. D. Howells, whose generous praise secured for the author recognition in literary circles in Canada, then as now too prone to wait for recognition abroad before acclaiming native talent. Though cut off before reaching the zenith of his powers, Lampman had produced a body of work which bids fair to hold a permanent place in the great body of English literature, and for which the passing years bring a growing appreciation. His all too early death was universally lamented, and was commemorated by a brother poet, Wilfred Campbell, in the tenderly beautiful poem *Bereavement of the Fields*.

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JAMES MILES LANGSTAFF, son of the late Dr. James Langstaff, was born at Richmond Hill, Ontario, July 25, 1883. Graduating from Toronto University after a brilliant course, he took up actuarial work with the Imperial Life Assurance Co. He passed with honors the examinations of the British Institute of Actuaries, the Actuarial Society of America, and the Ontario Institute of Chartered Accountants,

leaving behind him a record doubtful ever to have been equalled. Deciding that the profession of law offered a broader field for his powers, he entered the firm of Rowell, Reid, Wood & Wright, Toronto. When the War broke out he joined the 75th Battalion of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, in which he rose rapidly to the rank of major. He was mentioned in despatches and recommended for the Military Cross. Further advancement was checked by a Prussian bullet, and a life unusually rich in promise went out in the action at Vimy Ridge, March 1st, 1917.

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George Thomas Lanigan, journalist, press humorist, poet, was born at Three Rivers, P.Q., December 10, 1846, and died in Philadelphia, February 5, 1886, while on the staff of the *Daily Record*. He began life as a telegrapher, and soon became an expert, carrying on for some time a friendly rivalry with Thomas Edison. Taking up journalism, he with Hugh Graham (now Lord Atholstan) established in Montreal the *Free Lance*, from which in course of time was evolved the Montreal *Star*. Drawn to the United States as a wider field for his talents, he served in turn on the press of Chicago, New York, Rochester and Philadelphia. While on the New York *World* his rare gifts of wit and satirical humor found play in a series of fables which that paper published subsequently under the title *Fables of G. Washington Æsop*. He translated many of the French-Canadian folk-songs, of which a small collection was published. His most notable achievement was the poem *A Threnody for the Ahkound of Swat*, declared by Edmund T. Steadman to be "the funniest skit ever written in America." It is a whimsical parody on Tennyson's *Ode on the Death of Wellington*, and was suggested by a cable despatch announcing the death of the ruler of Swat, a small province on the borders of India.

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Lilian Leveridge was born in England, at the "Park Farm," near Hockering, Norfolk, April 15, 1879. Reverses of fortune led her father to remove to Canada, where he settled on a heavily timbered farm near Coe Hill, in the mining district of Hastings County. Here, remote from church and school, for a time she experienced the privations of pioneer life, but with the advantage of a refined home atmosphere and a devoted mother to guide her early education. After a course at the Winnipeg Collegiate Institute she taught school for a summer at Glenboro, Manitoba, and then returned to Ontario, where she continued in her chosen profession for some years. In 1914 the family removed to Carrying Place, in Prince Edward County. Some years later Miss Leveridge took up business life in Toronto, but impairment of health obliged her in 1922 to relinquish this and return home. The poem from which our selection is taken is a beautiful and tender expression of grief over the death of a brother who fell in the Great War. The *Globe* accurately describes its author as "a writer of sweet verses and of heart-gripping stories."

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William Douw Lighthall, advocate, novelist, poet, anthologist, was born in Hamilton, Ontario, December 27, 1857. On his father's side

he is connected with the Schuylers, Van Rensselaers and Van Cortlands of New York. He was educated at McGill University (M.A. 1885) and took his law course there. He began the practice of his profession in 1881, and for many years has been head of the law firm of Lighthall & Harwood, of Montreal. Through all his life he has been a close student of Canadian history and has been prominently identified with various historical and literary societies, besides being an active participant in municipal and political affairs. While Mayor of Westmount, Quebec, he was instrumental in founding the Union of Canadian Municipalities. The interest taken by him in our native poets is shewn by the compilation of two anthologies. He is described by the London *Athenaeum* as "a man of wide culture, refined taste and exceptional literary faculty."

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Florence Randal Livesay (Florence Hamilton Randal) was born at Compton, Que., and was educated at Compton Ladies' College. She was one of the forty young women who went from Canada to South Africa, at the request of Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, to teach in the Boer Concentration Camps (1901-2). While there she acted as correspondent for the Ottawa *Journal*, on the editorial staff of which she had previously served. Returning to Canada she went to Winnipeg, where she wrote for the *Telegram* and, later, the *Free Press*. A frequent contributor of poems and sketches to the periodical press, she became interested in the folk-songs of the Ukrainians, and interpreted many of these into English—less translations than "distinct creations" (to quote the American *Review of Reviews*). Mrs. Livesay's *Songs of of Ukraina* was published in 1916. A volume of original verse, entitled *Shepherd's Purse*, appeared in 1923. In 1908 she married J. Fred. B. Livesay, now General Manager of the Canadian Press, and author of *Canada's Hundred Days*. She resides with her husband and family in Toronto.

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Arthur John Lockhart ("Pastor Felix") was born at Lockhartville, N.S., May 5, 1850. His father, Nathan Albert Lockhart, was a master mariner. His mother, Elizabeth A. Besanson, was descended from a French Huguenot family of noble birth who fled from France during the period of persecution and came to Canada. The son served for three years on the Wolfville *Acadian*, and for a year on *Every Saturday*, of Cambridge, Mass., edited by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Here he made the acquaintance of Henry W. Longfellow and was entertained by the poet in his home on one occasion. In 1872 he entered the ministry of the Methodist Church, and for fifty years labored on various charges in the East Maine Conference. He was a frequent contributor to the *Dominion Illustrated* and other of the earlier Canadian periodicals. A book of essays from his pen, *The Papers of Pastor Felix*, of rich literary quality, was published by William Briggs in 1903. His latest book of verse, *The Birds of the Cross and Other Poems*, was published in 1909, being put into type largely by the author's own hands. Though self-exiled, "Pastor Felix" retains a deep affection for his native country. Alike by his writings and his attractive personality he has won to himself a host

of friends in Canada and the United States. He resides with a daughter, Mrs. Archer F. Leonard, in Cambridge, Mass.

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JOHN DANIEL LOGAN, poet, essayist, journalist and University lecturer, is the son of Charles and Elizabeth (Rankin) Logan, and was born at Antigonish, N.S., May 2, 1869. His education was acquired at Pictou Academy and Dalhousie and Harvard Universities—doing service as Assistant in Philosophy in the latter institution during 1896-97. The years 1897-98 found him Professor of Philosophy in Ursinus College, Pa., and the next four as Professor of English and Philosophy in the University of South Dakota. In 1918 he was appointed Lecturer on Canadian Literature in Acadia University, the first appointment of the kind in the British Empire. Few, if any, of our Canadian writers are more versatile, and few more prolific in production. Space will not permit notice of his many publications, but especial mention is due the work *Highways of Canadian Literature,* written in collaboration with D. G. French, which was published by McClelland & Stewart in the year 1924. This is the first and only complete literary history of Canada yet written, embodying the results of twenty years of labor and research, and crowns the work of the man who began the movement for the reform of the methods of literary criticism in Canada and for the teaching of Canadian literature in Canadian universities, five of which are now taking this up. Dr. Logan served with distinction in the Great War (with the 85th Battalion of Nova Scotia Highlanders) from March of 1916 to May of 1918, receiving two service badges and two service medals. His extraordinary range of interests and activities has brought him into membership with a dozen and one prominent scientific, literary, historical, musical, art and journalistic societies. He resides at Halifax, where he at present is engaged on work for the Dominion Archives Department.

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ALBERT LOZEAU, F.R.S.C., was born in Montreal, June 23, 1878. His death took place, after a brief illness of two days, March 24, 1924. In a letter to the Editor, dated March 20 of that year ("the last words he had written," writes a friend of his), he thus refers to himself and his work: "Invalid since 1896. I published my first book, *L'Ame Solitaire*, in 1907; second edition, 1908. The third edition will appear in the course of this year. *Le Miroir des Jours* was issued in 1912, and will be printed again also this year. *Lauriers et Feuilles d'Erable*, first edition, 1916. The second edition, revised and completed, will be printed also in a few weeks. . . . . In preparation, *Poémes du Pays* (Poems of my Country). Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada since 1911, and Officier d'Académie (Officer of the French Academy) since 1912." Louis Arnauld, the French critic, writes of him: "This sympathetic invalid's armchair is one of the most attractive literary centres of Montreal, always surrounded by precious friends who come to this sanctuary of the heart and of the mind to vivify in common the flame of the ideal." S. Morgan-Powell writes in the Montreal *Daily Star* of March 26th: "French-Canadian literature is the poorer to-day through the passing of one of its

sweetest singers. Albert Lozeau was essentially a Canadian poet, in viewpoint, in virility . . . . A beautiful, patient soul, he lived with thoughts of life and love his physical infirmity denied. But his spirit was proud and indomitable, and his song rose very close to the immortal heights."

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JANE ELIZABETH GOSTWICK MACDONALD was the daughter of the Rev. Canon George Goodridge Roberts, of Fredericton, N.B., and a sister of Charles G. D., William Carman and Theodore Goodridge Roberts—a family remarkable for the variety and richness of their contribution to the literature of Canada. She was born February 17, 1864, in the rectory at Westcock, N.B., the "Old Rectory," of which she has left behind her a charming description. She was married in 1896 to Samuel Archibald Roberts MacDonald. They came to Ontario in 1915, and some years later removed to British Columbia. There Mrs. MacDonald took an active part in the Equal Suffrage movement and was the first president of the Women's Suffrage Society of Nelson, B.C. Since the previous edition of this book was published the pen from which had come only what was beautiful and good has been laid aside and a sweet and clear voice silenced in the choir of Canadian singers. Mrs. MacDonald's death took place in Ottawa on the 8th of November, 1922. She had for many years been a frequent contributor to the current magazines. It is interesting to note that in her son, Cuthbert Goodridge MacDonald, the family tradition for literary production is being continued.

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LUCY MONTGOMERY MACDONALD, though now ensconsed in the Manse at Leaskdale, Ontario, as the wife of the Rev. Ewan Macdonald, Presbyterian minister, comes, as have so many gifted writers, from the Maritime Provinces. She was born at Clifton, in beautiful Prince Edward Island, November 30, 1874. Losing her mother in early childhood, she was brought up by her maternal grandparents at the old MacNeill homestead in Cavendish, on the north shore of the Island. Her education was had at the Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown. After she had been teaching school for some three years she was caught by the lure of the pen, and, giving up her profession, returned home and devoted herself to the writing of stories. The instant popularity of her first book, *Anne of Green Gables*, published in 1908, opened for her an eager market and led to a succession of Island stories through which her name soon grew into a household word in more countries than one. In 1923 Mrs. Macdonald was elected a member of the Royal Society of Arts of Great Britain, being the first Canadian woman to become a member of that Society.

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WILSON MACDONALD was born at Cheapside, Haldimand County, Ont. His father, Alexander MacDonald, was of Scottish birth, his mother of Canadian, she being a daughter of Rev. Wm. Pugsley, a well-known Baptist minister. He received his education in the Port Dover High School, Woodstock College and McMaster University. He began active life as a bank clerk, but early gave up banking to devote himself entirely to literary work, etching, and public recitals

of his poems, in which latter employ he has been highly successful. In addition to the two volumes of verse mentioned below the portrait in this book, he has written a four-act play, several playlets, two operas and a drama. Two further books of verse from his pen are to be published shortly. His work has received signal recognition abroad as well as in literary circles in Canada. In the field of etching he has shown ability fully equal to his creative gift in poetry, his work commanding high artistic as well as commercial evaluation.

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Agnes Maule Machar ("Fidelis"), historian, novelist, poet, daughter of the late Rev. John Machar, Principal of Queen's University, Kingston, was born in the latter City in the year 1837. Her mother was an intimate friend of the eminent Scottish divine Thomas Erskine. All through her life she has been a diligent student of things historical and a frequent contributor to the leading periodicals. She is the author of many popular and valuable works, both of prose and verse, and has given much time to philanthropic and social work. Among her best known books are *Stories of New France* (in collaboration with T. G. Marquis), *Stories of the British Empire, The Story of Old Kingston, Marjorie's Canadian Winter*, and a book of verse, *Lays of the True North*. A work from her pen involving much research, *The Story of La Salle*, has not yet been published. Three different times she has had the misfortune to have large portions of editions of books of hers destroyed by fire. Her first story, *For King and Country*, was awarded the prize offered by Goldwin Smith for the best serial for the *Canadian Monthly*. One of our most productive and widely known writers, Miss Machar has endeared herself to all classes of thoughtful Canadians. She resides in Kingston during the winter months, and in summer at her charming cottage, "Ferncliffe," Gananoque, where have been entertained from time to time many distinguished literary and scientific men and women of our time, both English and foreign as well as Canadian.

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Tom (T.R.E.) MacInnes was born at Dresden, County Kent, Ontario, on the 29th of October. 1867. He is Canadian born of the third generation, but comes of Scotch and Spanish stock. He is a son of Hon. T. R. McInnes, sometime Senator and Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia; and a brother of Hon. W. W. B. McInnes, former member of the House of Commons and Governor of the Klondike. He graduated from the University of Toronto in 1889, and the same year married Laura, daughter of Dr. John Hostetter, of Niagara and Toronto. He was admitted to the bar of British Columbia in 1893, and practised for a while at Nanaimo, and later at Vancouver. He has rendered occasional service to the State. Also in 1896-97 he was secretary to the Canadian Commissioner on the Behring Sea Claims Commission; in 1897 a member of a special force of Canadian police and Customs officers in the Yukon, himself being stationed at Skagway; in 1898-1900 secretary at Government House, Victoria, B.C., and in 1901 secretary of the British Columbia Salmon Commission. He practised as a Departmental Agent at Ottawa from 1907 to 1913. In 1909 and 1910 he was commissioned to draft the new Canadian

Immigration Act, and also the Anti-Narcotic Act. In 1913 he acted as advisory counsel to Harry Thaw during his difficulties in Quebec and New Hampshire. The following year was spent in Paris, France. In 1916 he went to Pekin, and the next year to Canton, where he eventually obtained a franchise for a tramway, which involved taking down most of the ancient city walls and the construction of thirty miles of boulevard through the most crowded quarter of this city of over two million inhabitants. This was accomplished, but during the past three years the operations of the Company have been completely halted owing to continual revolutions and civil wars in Canton. Mr. MacInnes is still a director of the Company, and is its only foreign member. He is at present living in Ottawa. His complete poems were published by the Ryerson Press in 1923. His work is marked by originality, humor and powerful imagination.

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Isabel Ecclestone MacKay is the daughter of a Scottish father and an English mother. She was born in Woodstock, Ontario, and in 1895 was married to Mr. P. J. MacKay, Court Reporter. Her first literary contributions were made to the *Endeavor Herald,* a Toronto monthly published at that time by N. F. Caswell. In the years which have followed she has been a frequent contributor to the leading publications of the United States and Canada, and has achieved a steadily growing reputation both as poet and novelist. She excels especially in her poems for children. She has perhaps let out the secret of this in her one-time practice of committing to the waste-basket any poem that she found did not interest her five-year-old daughter. Her first story, *The House of Windows,* was published in 1912. This was followed by *Up the Hill and Over* (1917), the original manuscript of which went down with the *Lusitania,* obliging a complete re-writing; *Mist of the Morning* (1919), and *The Window Gazer* (1921). In 1909 Mrs. MacKay removed with her husband and family to British Columbia. There she has since resided, making her home in Vancouver.

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Louis Alexander MacKay is a son of William MacKay (youthful schoolmate and confederate in mischief of the Editor), Principal of the Public School of Hensall, Huron County, Ontario. In this village Louis was born, February 27, 1901. He entered Toronto University in the fall of 1919 after winning unprecedented honors in his matriculation examinations, including both the Prince of Wales and the Edward Blake scholarships as well as seven or eight others. After a brilliant university course, crowned by the winning of the McCaul Gold Medal in Classics, he was appointed Fellow in Latin in Victoria College. He received the signal honor this year of appointment as Rhodes Scholar representing his Alma Mater, with the much-coveted privilege of entering Balliol College, Oxford. A clever play of his, *The Freedom of Jean Guichet,* was staged for a week this last Spring at the Hart House Theatre, Toronto, and met with a popular reception, alike from audience and the critics. The striking poem reproduced in this volume was featured, along with an interview with the author, in the Toronto *Evening Telegram.* At the threshold

of his career this young writer gives promise of winning a place among the brighter stars in the literary firmament of his country. As his "Tam" would suggest, he is an unmitigated Scot.

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CHARLES MAIR, time-crowned Dean of the select company of Canadian poets, was born in Lanark, Ont., September 21, 1838. His father, James Mair, was a pioneer in the square timber trade. He was educated at the Perth High School and Queen's University, Kingston, returning to the latter institution ten years later to study medicine. In the Spring of 1868 he went to Ottawa to see his first book, *Dreamland and Other Poems,* through the press. At this time he fell in with Henry J. Morgan, George T. Denison, W. A. Foster and R. G. Haliburton, son of Judge Haliburton ("Sam Slick"). These kindred spirits spent their evenings together discussing how best to create a national sentiment. Out of these discussions grew what was known as the Canada First Party. In 1869 Mr. Mair was appointed paymaster of the expedition despatched by Hon. William Macdougall to construct immigration roads to connect Lake of the Woods with the Western prairies. Before this work had been completed the insurrection of Louis Riel and his half-breed compatriots broke out. During these troubles Mair was taken prisoner and, along with Dr Schultz, the ill-fated Thomas Scott and others, was imprisoned at Fort Garry. He and Schultz made their escape and reached Ontario, where, on their story being made known, the Wolseley expedition was organized and despatched to the scene of trouble. When quiet was restored Mair moved his family to Portage la Prairie and entered into business there, and later in Prince Albert. In 1881, alarmed by the attitude of the half-breeds, he returned to Ontario and spent the next few years at Windsor. It was here that his drama *Tecumseh* was written. When the second Riel rebellion took place he accompanied the force sent out to quell it—serving as Quartermaster in the Governor-General's Bodyguards, commanded by his old friend Col. G. T. Denison—and returned with it to Toronto when order was re-established. In 1892 the lure of the West drew Mr. Mair to British Columbia, where he became one of the founders of Kelowna. In 1898 he joined the Dominion Immigration service in Winnipeg, and later at Lethbridge, Fort Steele, and the East Kootenay district. In 1899 he accompanied the Land Treaty Expedition sent out by the Dominion Government to treat with the half-breeds of the Athabasca and Peace River country. His very interesting and valuable report of the Expedition was published in 1908 by William Briggs under the title *Through the Mackenzie River Basin.* He was superannuated in April, 1921, at the age of 83. He is now making his home with his daughter in Calgary.

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WILLIAM E. MARSHALL was born at Liverpool, N.S., April 1, 1859, the son of James Noble Shannon and Adelaide Amelia Allison. He was admitted to the Bar of Nova Scotia in 1881, and in 1898 was appointed Registrar of Deeds for Lunenburg County, which appointment he held until his death at Bridgewater, May 23, 1923. He was a man of ripe culture and artistic tastes, who, though of a quiet, retir-

ing disposition, had won to himself a host of friends. His one volume, *Brookfield and Other Verse,* was published by John Lovell & Son, Montreal, in 1919.

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WALT MASON was born at Columbus, Ontario County, Ontario, May 4, 1862. His father was of Welsh, his mother of Scottish descent. He lost the former when he was four, the latter when he was fifteen years of age. Obliged to leave school (where the only enjoyment he found was in reading and re-reading the poetry in the never-to-be-forgotten Ryerson Readers) at thirteen, he went to work in the local woollen mill. About this time he was saved from drowning by an elder brother, who hauled him from the water unconscious. This experience was followed by defective hearing, "to which," he jocularly laments, "it is probably due that I never became a merchant prince." "For years after leaving school," he writes, "I was doing work that made my heart ache—farming, clerking in stores, feeding presses in printing offices, and a score of other things." In 1880 he left his home to try his fortunes in the United States. His journalistic career began when he secured a job on *The Hornet,* in St. Louis. Many years were spent on papers throughout the Middle West. It was while on the staff of *The Gazette,* of Emporia, Kansas, that he first began to write the prose poems which have made him famous, "throwing in a rhyme or two every day just to show there were no hard feelings!" William Allen White, the editor of the paper, noticing that these rhymes were being copied into papers all over the country, suggested to him that he syndicate them. Accepting the suggestion, he entered into an arrangement to do so with George Matthew Adams, who has been his "good friend and running mate" ever since. In 1893 he married Ella Foss, of Wooster, Ohio. In 1921 they moved from Emporia to La Jolla, California, where they now make their home. Here, he writes, he has "a happy family, loyal friends, generous employers, a good car and a stand-off at the filling station—and what more could an old bard ask?"

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PETER MCARTHUR was of Scottish ancestry. His parents settled on a farm near Appin, in Middlesex County, Ontario, and in a log-house on this farm he was born, March 10, 1866, and there he spent the closing years of his life. In his youth he spoke English and the Gaelic with equal fluency. His education was had in the local public school, the Strathroy High School, and Toronto University. While at college he helped to maintain himself by contributing weekly to *Grip,* but straitened finances obliging him to give up his studies, he joined the staff of the Toronto *Mail* as a reporter. Finding his contributions to *Grip* being copied into the big American periodicals, he began sending humorous verses and epigrams to *Puck* and other publications. In 1890 he betook himself to New York. Here he found congenial company in the coterie of Canadians then coming into prominence—Carman, Roberts, McKellar, Kennerley and other self-exiled compatriots. For two years he edited *Truth,* but in 1897 he went back to free-lance journalism. The years 1902-3 he spent in London, returning to New York in 1904. In 1908 he decided to take up life again on the old farm in Ekfrid Township, where his spare

hours were spent in writing for the *Globe* the racy, quaintly humorous articles which have made his name a household word throughout Canada. So deeply had the rich personality of this man impressed itself on the mind of the public that it is small wonder a wave of sorrow as of a personal loss swept over the country when the press announced that the "Sage of Ekfrid," after a short illness, had died at the Victoria Hospital, London, on the morning of the 28th of October, 1924. He was the author of six volumes of prose. "A complex man," writes a contemporary, "a rich, vibrant personality, impinging upon contemporary life at so many points that a hundred varied types call him brother."

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Daniel Carman McArthur is a son of Peter McArthur and made his appearance on this planet August 12, 1897, when his father was a resident of Brooklyn, N.Y. While a student at the Guelph Agricultural College he enlisted with the 56th Battery, and was later transferred to the 55th Battery, in which he served to the close of the War. After demobolization he completed his B. S. A. course at the College, winning the General Proficiency prize. While there he edited the *O.A.C. Review*, and on leaving college he entered the service of the Toronto *Globe* as associate Farm Editor. In 1923 he accepted an offer to become Farm and Market Editor of the *Farmer's Sun*, Toronto. His attachment to journalism seems endangered by a growing pursuit of art. He contributes a weekly cartoon to the *Canadian Countryman*. The selection which accompanies the portrait in this volume was chosen, not only because it accords with the latter, but also because it so well illustrates the irrepressible spirit of lighthearted gaiety which persisted in our armies in the face of the dangers and trying experiences of trench warfare—the spirit to which perhaps more than any other our armies owe their final victory.

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Alma Frances McCollum was born near Chatham, Ontario, December 7, 1879, but most of her early life was spent in Peterborough. In 1905 she, with her mother and sisters, removed to Toronto. Here, after a few months of unavailing struggle against failing health, she succumbed following an operation and died on the 21st of March of 1906. To gifts of substantial promise this young writer united the charm of an engaging personality.

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John McCrae, author of the world-famous war poem *In Flanders Fields*, was born in Guelph, November 30, 1872. He was the son of Lieut.-Col. David McCrae, a well-known artillery officer. He graduated from Toronto University in 1894, and finished his medical course in 1898, winning the gold medal. This same year he entered the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, as house surgeon. Soon the offer of a Fellowship in Pathology in McGill University, Montreal, was offered him and was accepted. His strong military and patriotic instincts led him in 1899 to offer his services to the Canadian Government when the Canadian Contingent was sent to South Africa, and he was given command of a battery. When the Great War broke out in 1914 he joined the 1st Brigade of Artillery as medical officer. In 1915 he was

gazetted lieutenant-colonel. After the second battle of Ypres he was posted to the 3rd General Hospital at Boulonge, and had just received word, on the 23rd of January, 1918, of his appointment as Consultant Physician to the British Armies in France, an honor which greatly pleased him, when he was stricken down with pneumonia. He died on the 28th of the month. The poem which has made his a world name was first published in *Punch* in the issue of December 8, 1915. In John McCrae were combined all the elements that go to make up nobility of character.

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Bernard McEvoy, journalist and poet, was born in Birmingham, England, February 7, 1842. He entered on his chosen lifework in 1874, and fourteen years later decided to try his fortunes in Canada, his first newspaper work in this country being done on the Ottawa *Citizen.* He soon transferred his services to the Toronto *Mail and Empire,* a connection severed in 1902, when he left to take up editorial work on the Vancouver *Province.* With this paper he still continues. In addition to the volumes of verse elsewhere mentioned, he is author of *From the Great Lakes to the Wide West,* a racy narrative of travel and observation, published in 1902, and of *The History of the Seaforth Highlanders of Canada* (1920). Possessed of a genial and kindly personality, Bernard McEvoy not only has contributed largely to the promotion of literature and art in the Province where he has made his home, but has been a generous contributor to the common stock of cheerfulness by his column of comment over the signature "Diogenes," which has been running in the Vancouver *Province* for more than twenty years.

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Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, journalist, statesman, poet, whom John Charles Dent declared "one of the most brilliant orators known to our Parliamentary history," was born at Carlingford, Ireland, April 13, 1825. In early life he was an ardent Irish patriot, identifying himself with the revolutionary party. On the collapse of the Smith-O'Brien insurrection he fled disguised as a priest and escaped to New York. There, in 1848, he founded the New York *Nation.* Later he edited *The American Celt* in Boston, and for five years subsequently (1852-57) in New York. Gradually, however, his views had been undergoing a marked change; he came to see that no good could come from transferring the hates of the Old World to the New. In 1857 he was persuaded by friends to remove to Montreal, where he established the *New Era.* Before the end of his first year he was returned to Parliament as one of the three members from Montreal. There his brilliant oratorical gifts speedily won for him high distinction. In 1862 he accepted office as President of the Executive Council. A strong advocate of a federal union of the British North American provinces, he holds a secure place in history as one of the Fathers of Confederation. His life had been a stormy one, and it had a tragic close. Marked by the Fenian element as a traitor to their cause, he was shot through the head on the streets of Ottawa, while returning from the House shortly after midnight, on the 7th of April, 1868. His body was taken to Montreal for burial. The news of his death was received with mingled horror and grief throughout the country. The Editor is

indebted to Mr. J. de L. Taché, General Librarian of the Library of Parliament, for the use of the precious bit of manuscript verse which enriches this volume—probably the only fragment that remains. Mr. Taché states that it was carefully preserved by Mrs. Tremblay (neé Connolly, of Quebec), the "gentle friend" of the poem, and on her death was passed to her sister, and then to Mrs. Taché.

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DUNCAN A. MCKELLAR, artist and poet, was born February 7, 1865, in Lobo Township, Middlesex County, of Scotch-Canadian parentage. He was the second son of Alexander McKellar and Nancy Sinclair (McKellar). His education was acquired, at such intervals as delicate health permitted, at the Lobo and Caradoc Public Schools and the Strathroy Collegiate Institute. Matriculating from the latter in 1886, he entered active life as a sessional writer in Toronto the following year, and then joined the staff of the Toronto *Daily News,* edited by the late Edmund E. Sheppard. When Mr. Sheppard left the *News* to found *Saturday Night* he took young McKellar with him as assistant editor and dramatic critic and illustrator, in all of which his work showed conspicuous talent. In 1891 the lure of New York drew him to that great metropolis, where for some years, broken by extended visits to his home in Penetanguishene, he maintained himself as a literary and artistic free-lance. It was art rather than poetry that absorbed his ardent devotion. But the confinement of city life wore upon a constitution never strong, and in 1899 he was obliged to return to his father's home, where he died, unmarried, on the 6th of June of that year. "No purer, gentler, more modest or better loved young man, or one with more brilliant prospects, has ever disappeared in early manhood from our literary and artistic circles" was the tribute paid the artist poet by *Saturday Night.* In the introduction to the volume of selected verse published after his death Peter McArthur, his intimate friend, pays this affectionate tribute: "Serene, humorous, gentle, and in all things manly, he enriched the lives of all with whom he came in contact."

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ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN was born at Johnstone, Renfrewshire, Scotland, August 12, 1818. His father, Charles McLachlan, came out to Canada in the early '30s and was one of the first settlers in Peel County. Early thrown on his own resources, Alexander worked for a time in a cotton factory, and then apprenticed himself to a tailor in Glasgow. In 1840 he emigrated to Canada and joined his father, shortly after taking up a bush farm for himself in Perth County. Finding farming not to his liking, he sold out and, purchasing an acre of land in Erin Township, Wellington County, in 1850, he established his home there. For the next twenty-seven years he devoted himself to his trade, with intervals of lecturing. In 1862, through the kindly offices of his brother bard and intimate friend, Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, McLachlan was appointed a Government Emigration Agent, and sent on a lecturing tour through Scotland. In 1877 he moved to a farm in Amaranth Township, seven miles west of Orangeville. In 1890 friends and admirers of the sturdy old poet entertained him with a banquet at the Walker House, Toronto, and presented him

with a purse of $2,100. In 1895 he bought a house in Orangeville, but lived less than a year to enjoy its comfort. Death came to him suddenly on the 20th of March, 1896. His remains were interred in the Greenwood Cemetery, two miles west of the town, where in 1900 a monument to his memory was unveiled. Of this gifted pioneer Dr. Dewart, in his *Selections from the Canadian Poets,* writes: "It is no empty laudation to call him 'the Burns of Canada.' In racy humor, in natural pathos and in graphic portraiture he will compare favorably with the great peasant bard. In moral grandeur and beauty he strikes higher notes than ever echoed from the harp of Burns."

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William McLennan, notary public, historian, novelist, poet, was born in Montreal, May 8, 1856, the son of the late Hugh McLennan, a prominent citizen of that City. He graduated from McGill University in 1880, and was admitted to the Bar in the following year. In addition to writing verses, stories and historical articles for Canadian and American publications, he was the author of two popular novels, *Spanish John* and *The Span o' Life,* the latter written in collaboration with Jean McIlwraith. He also translated from the French a volume of *Songs of Old Canada.* A versatile and polished writer, his prose as well as his verse was marked by elegance of diction and purity of style. He died July 28, 1904.

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Jesse Edgar Middleton, well known to many as "J. E. M.," is the son of the late Rev. Eli Middleton, Methodist minister, and was born in Pilkington Township, Wellington County, Ontario, Nov. 3rd, 1872. After a course of teaching in public schools he entered newspaper work, serving in turn the Montreal *Herald,* Quebec *Chronicle,* Toronto *Mail and Empire,* and Toronto *News,* as Parliamentary correspondent, political leader-writer, editor of a light column of paragraphs and verse under the title of "On The Side," and critic of Music and the Drama. Since 1918 he has been engaged in general literary work and is specializing in the history of Ontario. He has written a history of Toronto and is engaged on one of the Province of Ontario. He resides in Toronto.

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James Lewis Milligan comes of mingled Scotch-Irish and Welsh parentage, which ought surely to ensure the poetic element. He was born in Liverpool, February 1, 1876. His literary career opened in England, where his first book, *Songs in Time's Despite,* was published in 1910. He came to Canada the following year. After a brief essay in journalism he took up work as a lay "circuit rider" at the village of Actinolite, Hastings Co., Ont. Reverting to journalism again, he edited in turn the Peterboro' *Review* and the Belleville *Intelligencer,* and for several years was on the staff of the Toronto *Globe.* His Canadian poems are contained in the volume *The Beckoning Skyline and Other Poems.* He resides in Toronto and for some time was engaged in publicity work for the Church Union Committee.

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Susanna Moodie, youngest of the famous Strickland sisters, and with her sister, Catharine Parr Traill, among the earliest of our

writers, was born in London, England, December 6, 1803, but spent her childhood at Reydon Hall, a fine old Elizabethan mansion in Suffolk. In 1831 she married Lieutenant J. W. Dunbar Moodie, a half-pay officer who had seen hard service in the Napoleonic wars, and with him emigrated to Canada, settling on free grant lands in Douro Township, near Peterborough, Canada West. There they lived until 1839, when the husband, who had served during the rebellion troubles of 1837-8, and was now a major in the Canadian militia, was appointed Sheriff of the District of Victoria (Hastings County), and removed with his family to Belleville. Susanna began writing at an early age. A book of verse from her pen, *Enthusiasm and Other Poems,* was published before she left England. Her most successful work, *Roughing it in the Bush,* appeared first as a serial in the *Literary Garland,* to which she and Mrs. Traill were frequent contributors. It was published in book form in England in 1850, and republished in Canada by Bell & Cockburn in 1913, and by McClelland & Stewart in 1923. Mrs. Moodie was the author of several novels, popular at the time, but now forgotten. She died in Toronto on the 8th of April, 1855.

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Paul D'Equilly Morin, ll.d., whom a French critic describes as "the most cultured poet Canada has produced," was born in Montreal April 6, 1889. After a brilliant course at High School and with the Jesuits of that City, and two years with the Jesuits of Paris and Florence in a special course in Letters and Philosophy, he returned to take up Law at Laval University, and was received at the Bar in 1910. His first book of verse, *Le Paon d'Email,* was published in Paris in 1911, and elicited high praise from the French reviewers. During the years 1913-16 he taught French Literature successively in McGill University, Smith College, and the University of Minnesota. His activities in law and literature have been broken by repeated journeys abroad. He is Secretary of the School of Fine Arts, Montreal, is a Doctor of the University of Paris, a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, and had the further distinction of being Provincial Literature Laureate (Quebec) for 1923. A critic describes him as "an artistic chiseller of short poems." He resides in Westmount, P.Q.

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Alexander Muir, author of the Canadian national hymn *The Maple Leaf,* was born at Lesmahagow, Lanarkshire, Scotland, April 5, 1830. Three years later his father, John Muir, took his family to Upper Canada, settling in Scarboro Township, York County, where he taught school until within a few years of his death in 1865. The son was sent to Queen's University, Kingston, for his education, graduating therefrom in 1851. In 1853 he entered on his lifework as a schoolmaster. The year 1860 found him in charge of the Leslieville Public School, Toronto. During the following year he joined the Queen's Own Rifles and was with that regiment in the skirmish at Ridgeway, in the Fenian invasion of 1866. In 1870 he had the Jesse Ketchum Public School. The year 1872 found him teaching at Newmarket. After a term of four years there, and one of similar length at Beaverton, he returned to Toronto, where he taught up to the close of his life. The words and music of *The Maple Leaf* were

composed in 1867. A first edition of one thousand copies was printed for the author at the Methodist Book Room, but the sale failed to pay the cost of printing. Muir had neglected to secure copyright, and though subsequent sales by a Toronto music publishing house were enormous, not a dollar in royalties, he once told the Editor, found its way into his pocket. The hymn was first sung in public on the occasion of the laying of the foundation-stone of a church in Newmarket by Lord Dufferin, July 24, 1874. Alexander Muir died in Toronto, January 20, 1906, leaving behind him a name that his famous hymn will not allow to die.

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Robert Norwood, son of Rev. Joseph W. Norwood, Anglican clergyman, was born at New Ross, N.S., March 27, 1874. His father in his earlier years had turned from a seafaring life to enlist in the Northern cause in the American Civil War, where he fought in the campaigns of McClellan and "Fighting Joe" Hooker. Our poet, owing to his father's repeated removals to new charges, imbibed his early education from many schools in Maine, New York, Quebec, in turn, and finally at King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, whence he graduated in 1897. Here his budding genius for poetry was recognized and amply encouraged by Charles G. D. Roberts, then Professor of English Literature in the College. Ordained in 1898, he ministered successively to congregations at Neil's Harbor, C.B.; Hubbard's, Bridgewater and Spring Hill, N.S.; Trinity Church, Montreal; Cronyn Memorial Church, London, Ont.; and in 1917 accepted a call to the Memorial Church of St. Paul, Overbrook, Philadelphia. In the Spring of the present year (1925) he accepted an invitation to the pulpit of St. Bartholomew's Protestant Episcopal Church, New York City, to succeed the Rev. Leighton Parks. He is a strong, brilliant pulpit orator. In dramatic power as a writer he challenges comparison with the leading living writers of drama. The first volume of the Makers of Canadian Literature Series is a combined biography, anthology and appreciation of Robert Norwood by his friend and fellow-poet, Dr. Albert Durrant Watson, who writes: "Norwood's is the most splendidly brilliant mind that it has been my privilege to know."

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Thomas O'Hagan, ll.d., poet, essayist and lecturer, was born near Toronto, March 6, 1855. He was educated at St. Michael's College, Ottawa University (M.A.), with post-graduate studies at Syracuse (Ph.D.), Cornell, Chicago, Louvain, Belgium; Grenoble, France; and Bonn, Germany. For some years he taught classics and modern languages in several of the leading High Schools of Ontario, but since 1910 has devoted himself wholly to journalism, literary work and the delivery of courses of lectures in art and English literature in the university centres of Canada and the United States. His volume of *Canadian Essays*, published in 1901, has long been a source of information relating to our native writers, both French and English. His poetical work early won the notice and generous praise of Whittier, Charles Dudley Warner, Dr. Louis Fréchette and others. The late Rev. Dean Harris regarded him as supreme among the Canadian poets in elegiac and commemorative verse. Through all his work runs a

vein of robust patriotism. Dr. O'Hagan is a member of several learned societies, in both Europe and America, amongst others the Authors' Club of London, England, and the Dante Society of Florence, Italy, and has had conferred on him the honorary degrees of Litt.D. and LL.D. by Laval and Notre Dame Universities. He has prepared for the Makers of Canadian Literature a study and appreciation of his life-long friend Dean Harris. He makes his home in Toronto.

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MARTHA OSTENSO, whose winning of the $13,500 prize offered by a New York syndicate for the best novel was the literary sensation of the past year, comes of an old Norwegian family. She was born on the mountainous shores of a fjord near Bergen, Norway, September 17, 1900. While she was yet but two years of age her parents left their native land to try their fortunes in America. After some twelve years spent in various towns in the Middle West, they crossed the border and settled in Brandon, Manitoba. Here, while in attendance at the Collegiate Institute, there was awakened in the young student a vivid interest in both writing and painting, and for a time she felt undecided which to pursue. When, later, the family moved to Winnipeg, she studied at the Kelvin Technical High School, and attended lectures at Manitoba University. "It was at the University," she writes, "that I learned the word 'imagery,' and with that as a sort of poetic talisman I started to write." Then followed a period of teaching near Lake Manitoba, from which rich source was absorbed the material for her prize-winning novel *Wild Geese*. This was followed by useful experience as a reporter on the Winnipeg *Free Press*. Then, drawn by the lure of a milder climate, she made her way to New York, where two years and a half were spent as a family case worker in the social service. During this time most of the poetry included in her book *A Far Land* was written. It was while on a holiday visit to Winnipeg that she wrote the novel which opened to her the coveted doorway to the temple of literary fame.

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AMY PARKINSON, daughter of the late Charles Pye Parkinson and Lucy Anne Ireland, was born in Liverpool, England, and came to Canada with her parents in early childhood. On her mother's side English through a long direct line, on her father's, a few generations back, she claims Highland Scots ancestry. Family tradition points to one member of the clan who was "out with Prince Charlie" and fought at Culloden, where he had a narrow escape from being killed. Bowled over in the rush of battle and pinned to the ground by a dirk run through his plaid, as he lay there Cumberland's regiment of horse rode over the kilted warrior without doing him the slightest injury. Miss Parkinson's education, owing to her delicate health, was private and formally ceased with a physical breakdown when she was but twelve years of age. For the most of her life she has been confined to her bed, an almost constant sufferer. It was only after this condition developed that the gift for poetry was discovered. Many of her most beautiful verses—her "messages," as she calls them—came to birth when she was in a state of almost complete physical exhaustion and were dictated to her father as he knelt at her bedside.

Her work has been almost wholly of a deeply spiritual character, marked by much beauty of thought and expression, and, distributed in leaflet form by her friends among the sick and the "shut-ins," has had a wide ministry of comfort. It is this characteristic of her work which has led to her being called "the Canadian Havergal." No complete volume of her poems has yet been published, but a number of small collections in brochure form have been issued from time to time, all now out of print. Miss Parkinson lives in Toronto.

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Arthur Leonard Phelps, educationist and poet, is the son of Rev. Leonard Phelps, Methodist minister. He was born at Columbus, Ontario, Dec. 1st, 1887. He is an honor graduate in Philosophy of Victoria College, Toronto (1913). Choosing the Methodist ministry as his vocation, he began active work in 1915 in the Bay of Quinte Conference, but after some four or five years of pastoral labor he accepted a call to serve on the faculty of Cornell College, Mount Vernon, U.S.A. In 1921 he was asked to become head of the Department of English Literature in Wesley College, Winnipeg, where he is at present. He has been a frequent contributor of prose and verse to the newspapers and magazines of Canada and the United States, but only two small pamphlet collections of his verse have been published, *Poems* and *A Bobcaygeon Chap-Book*.

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Marjorie Lowry Christie Pickthall was born at Gunnersbury, near Cheswick, London, Eng., Sept. 14, 1883. She came to Canada in 1889 with her parents, who settled in Toronto. She received her education at the Bishop Strachan School. For a time she was engaged in library work in Victoria College. In 1912 she went to England, residing with an uncle at Hammersmith, London. At the outbreak of the War she offered her services in various capacities, driving motor cars, etc. Later she assisted in the Library of the South Kensington Metereological Office. Returning to Canada in 1919, she took up her residence in Victoria, B.C., moving later to Vancouver, where her sudden death took place April 19th, 1922. Although essentially a poet, and one of exceptional gifts and attainments, Miss Pickthall was also the author of several volumes of brilliant prose, as well as a frequent contributor of short stories to American and English magazines of the highest order. Of her first novel, *Little Hearts*, the *Morning Post* of London said: "This work alone places the author in the hierarchy of English letters." John Reade, in the *Montreal Gazette*, referred to her poem *The Little Fauns to Proserpine* as "a literary event in Canada." Her death just as she had crossed the threshold of high literary achievement awakened universal sorrow. Again, as in the case of Lampman, Isabella Valancy Crawford and other singers of the first rank, the hand of death prematurely robbed Canadian literature of the promised harvest of ripening genius.

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Edwin John Pratt comes of a family of seafaring folk, his maternal grandfather, Capt. William Knight, having been well known in the sealing industry of Newfoundland. His father, the Rev. John

Pratt, however, choosing rather to be a "fisher of men" than to follow the sea, entered the Methodist ministry. Prof. Pratt was born at Western Bay, Nfld., February 4, 1883. After a course in the Methodist College, St. John's, he entered Victoria College, Toronto, in 1907, and graduated in Arts in 1911. For eight years he was on the staff of the Department of Psychology of the University of Toronto, then accepted an offer to take a place on the Faculty of Victoria College, Toronto, as Lecturer in English Literature, a post he still holds. His work already has gained for him in the opinion of the critics a high place among the Canadian poets.

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Theodore Harding Rand was born at Cornwallis, N.S., February 8, 1835. He came of Puritan ancestors who left New England to take possession of the lands vacated by the deported Acadians in 1755. After graduating from Horton Academy he was employed for a year as teacher, when he was invited to the chair of Classics in the Provincial Normal School. Dr. (afterwards Sir) Charles Tupper, bent on establishing a system of free public schools for Nova Scotia, called on him for aid in framing the School bill and to superintend the system of schools to be organized under it. So successful was he that in 1871 he was invited to undertake a similar task for the Province of New Brunswick. In 1883 he resigned the Superintendency of Education of New Brunswick to take the chair of History and Education in Acadia College. He was called from there to the Principalship of Woodstock College, in Ontario, which he resigned two years later to accept a chair in McMaster University, Toronto. In 1891 Dr. Rand was made Chancellor of the University, and held this office until failing health caused him to retire in 1895. It was only after his retirement that he found time to cultivate the Muse. It was in these few years that his two books of verse were published, and that, at the Editor's suggestion, he undertook the compilation of his anthology, *A Treasury of Canadian Verse*—a task which gave him unbounded pleasure. He died while on a visit to Fredericton, May 29, 1900.

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John Reade, journalist and poet, was born at Ballyshannon, Ireland, November 13, 1837. He was educated at Queen's College, Belfast, and came to Canada in 1856, settling in Montreal, where he established the Montreal *Literary Magazine*. Later he was connected with the *Gazette*. In 1859 he began the study of law, but gave this up to take the Principalship of Lachute Academy, which he held for three years. Then, taking up the study of theology, he was ordained into the Anglican ministry and labored for some years in the Eastern Townships, after which he returned to Montreal to edit an Anglican paper and continue his contributions to the *Gazette*. From 1870 until his death, March 25, 1919, he did editorial and literary work on the latter paper. His literary column, contributed over the pseudonym "The Dean," was a popular feature with readers of the *Gazette*, and was made the vehicle of much generous encouragement to young writers. His book of verse, *Merlin and Other Poems* (1870), brought him letters of praise, among others, from Whittier, Bryant and Longfellow. In 1896 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of

Literature of Great Britain. He held many high offices in literary and historical societies, and was a cultured, scholarly and kindly man, whom to know was to respect and admire.

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BEATRICE REDPATH, daughter of the late P. A. Peterson, Chief Engineer of the C.P.R., was born in Montreal, June 19, 1886. Her education was begun in private schools and continued on her own selection of studies. She began seriously to write in 1905, and in 1915 her first book, *Drawn Shutters,* was published in London by John Lane. The same publisher brought out her second book, *White Lilac*, in 1921. Her interest is divided between poetry and the writing of short stories, in which she has achieved much success. In 1923 she won the I.O.D.E. prize of $200 for the best Canadian short story. In 1910 she married Mr. William Redpath, then of Montreal, and for some years has been living in Toronto.

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CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS ROBERTS, poet, educationist, journalist, novelist, historian, writer of animal stories of the first order, soldier —what a varied train of activities is summed up in the life of this gifted, many-sided man! Born at Douglas, York Co., N.B., January 10, 1860, eldest son of Rev. Canon George Goodridge Roberts, he completed his course of education at the University of New Brunswick, Fredericton. Briefly reviewing the years which followed, we find him in 1883-4 editing *The Week,* a high-class literary journal, which had all too short and starved an existence in Toronto; in 1885-8 teaching English and French literature in King's College, Windsor; and in the seven following years dropping French and taking up Economics in the same institution; in 1897-8 on the staff of the *Illustrated American,* New York, with much literary output on the side; and then giving himself wholly to literary pursuits. In 1907 he went to Europe, spent two years in France, two years in Bavaria and in Southern Italy, and settled in London toward the close of 1911. When the Great War broke out he enlisted as a trooper in the Legion of Frontiersmen (an organization of Outer Empire men from the world over, having its origin during the South African War), and served until December of 1914, when he got his commission as lieutenant in the King's (Liverpool) Regiment, and in a few months won the command of his company. He was transferred to the Canadian Expeditionary Force in the Autumn of 1916, and in the following year attained the rank of major. Later he was recalled to London and set to work on the records of the Canadian Corps for the British War Records Office. With the publication of Roberts' first book, *Orion and Other Poems,* in 1890, may be said to begin the era of modern Canadian poetry. He was first of the brilliant group of post-Confederation poets to draw the attention of the literary world to the distinctive school of nature poets forming in this country. Not only by his poetry has he won distinction: as a writer of animal stories he was rated by the late Prof. L. E. Horning as easily first of those specializing in this field of literature. His novels, *The Forge in the Forest* and *A Sister to Evangeline,* both won a well-deserved popularity. The author of that noble poem *An Ode for the Canadian Confederacy* needs no certificate of his ardent and sound patriotism. He is doing all in his

power to foster in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen a national spirit that knows no barriers of race or place or creed.

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William Harris Lloyd Roberts, son of Charles G. D. Roberts, is carrying on the family tradition in the pursuit of literature. He was born in Fredericton, N.B., October 31, 1884. Like his versatile father, he has been variously occupied—clerical work on *McClure's,* 1903; assistant editor of *Outing,* 1904-7; in newspaper work, Nelson, B.C., and Ottawa, 1911-12; editor of Immigration literature, Ottawa, 1912-14; correspondent for the Timber and Grazing Branch of the Department of the Interior, 1914-20; all the while, and now wholly, giving himself to the writing of short stories and poetry for the magazines. A war poem of his, *Come Quietly, Britain,* was widely published on both sides of the Atlantic. Like his sire, and as our portrait of him would indicate, he is a canoeing enthusiast. He resides at McKellar, Ontario.

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Theodore Goodridge Roberts, novelist and poet, youngest son of the late Rev. Canon Roberts and brother of Charles G. D., was born in Fredericton, July 7, 1877. He was educated at the University of New Brunswick, of his native City. He has lived alternately in the Barbados, England and France. When the War broke out he went overseas with the 12th Battalion C.E.F. in September, 1914. He served in France up to December of 1918, for nearly a year as aide-de-camp to General Sir Arthur Currie. He has written numerous Canadian stories since the War, including *Moonshine, The Intruder, Musket House, Fizzyduff Pot* and *The Red Piroque.* He resides in Fredericton.

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Adolphe Basile Routhier, jurist, traveller, lecturer, poet, author of Canada's famous national hymn *O Canada,* was born May 8, 1839, at St. Placide, Two Mountains Co., P.Q. He was educated at St. Thérese College, near Montreal, and Laval University (LL.D., Lit.D.). He was admitted to the Bar in 1861, and shortly after was appointed Professor of International Law in his Alma Mater. He was made Chief Justice of the Superior Court of Quebec in 1873, and President of the Court of Admiralty in 1904. Among other honors received were those of K.C.S.G., in 1876, bestowed by Pope Pius IX; G.C.S.G., in 1888, by Pope Leo XIII; and K.B.M.G., by King George V, in 1911. He travelled extensively in Europe, Northern Africa and the Far East, and recorded his observations in a series of readable volumes, *Across Europe, Across Spain, From Quebec to Victoria,* etc. Among other prose works, a novel of his, *Le Centurion,* a romance of the time of the Messiah, published first at Quebec and afterwards in France (where it ran into twelve editions), was translated into English, Italian, Spanish, German and Hungarian. He died at St. Irénée, Charlevoix Co., P.Q., June 27th, 1920. *O Canada* had its origin in a great celebration of the St. Jean Baptiste Society in Quebec in 1880, at which a committee, with Judge Routhier as chairman, was appointed to consider a national anthem to express the aspirations of the French-Canadian people. The committee turned to Calixta

Lavalee, and presently he submitted to them three tunes which he had composed. To the one which was the committee's unanimous choice Judge Routhier set the words of his hymn, and it was sung at the convention with great enthusiasm. Strange to say, the hymn did not make its way into Ontario until some twenty years later, when A. S. Vogt, giving it choral rendering, presented it at a concert of the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto.

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LAURA GOODMAN SALVERSON comes of an Icelandic family of poets, singers and great teachers reaching back to the sixteenth century. In the line of ancestry on the mother's side is numbered a bishop, a noted educationist, first to lay stress upon Iceland's rich store of ancient literature. A cousin of hers, Herr Sigard Eggertz, one-time Governor of the Island, was instrumental in 1913 in securing for Iceland her independent flag. Born in Winnipeg, Dec. 9th, 1890, Laura at an early age was taken with the family to the Western States, where between High School and private tuition at home she acquired a good working education, broadened by extensive reading of history and philosophy prompted by her father. Her first "literary success" was a short story accepted by a Mississippi newspaper when she was about twelve years of age. An "immense novel, quite of the sensational type," written previous to this, was committed by a judicious mother to the flames. Her first serious work was in verse, published here and there in the newspapers and magazines. It was the publication of *The Viking Heart*, however,—admittedly one of the best novels yet written in Canada—which gave her a ranking place among our writers. She was married in 1913 to George Salverson, an American of Norwegian descent, engaged in the transportation business, and for some years has with him made her home in Calgary.

(*Frontispiece*)

CHARLES SANGSTER was born at the Navy Yard, Kingston, Ont., July 16, 1822, where his father was employed as a shipwright. He was of U.E.L. stock. His grandfather fought under Burgoyne in the Revolutionary War. His father dying (at Penetanguishene) when the son was only two years old, the latter was early thrown upon his own resources. For some years he found employment in the Ordnance Office in Kingston. In 1849 he removed to Amherstburg, where he edited the *Courier* for some months, but gave this up to accept a post on the staff of the Kingston *Whig*, and, later, on the *News*. In 1868 he was appointed to the Civil Service at Ottawa, entering the Post Office Department. Obliged by ill-health to retire in 1886, he returned to Kingston, where he died, December 19, 1893. His chief published volumes, *The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay and Other Poems* (1856) and *Hesperus and Other Poems and Lyrics* (1860), when they appeared, elicited warm praise from the British and American reviewers. The *National Magazine* (London) remarked: "Well may the Canadians be proud of such a contribution to their native literature . . . . Mr. Sangster may be regarded as the Wordsworth of Canada." In an article on Sangster in the *Canadian Magazine* of 1896, Dr. Dewart, after remarking on the new generation of poets that had arisen to enrich our literature, expressed his conviction that "in some respects

Sangster is still the most representative of our Canadian bards." Prof. Ray Palmer Baker, of Harvard University, remarks that "in the reproduction of the American landscape, Sangster, like Longfellow, now and then reveals the hidden glory of the commonplace. More sensitive and more richly endowed with spiritual insight, he occasionally reaches heights that the author of *Evangeline* and *Hiawatha* never achieves."

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DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT, LITT.D., F.R.S.C., Deputy Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs, is the son of the late Rev. William Scott, Methodist minister, and Janet MacCallum (Scott). He was born in Ottawa, August 2, 1862. His education was received in the public schools and at Stanstead Wesleyan Academy. When seventeen years of age he entered the Dominion Civil Service, in the Department of Indian Affairs, and has risen step by step to his present post, to which he was appointed in 1913. He is the author of six volumes of verse, the first of which was *The Magic House and Other Poems,* published in 1893—volumes of slender bulk, for he evidently holds with a discriminating French critic that "it is better to be exquisite than ample." When *The Magic House* appeared the Edinburgh *Scotsman,* in the course of a laudatory review, declared that "for genuine imaginative richness, technical dexterity and natural charm the book would hold its own in any comparison." A poet's tribute to a poet was paid by Marjorie Pickthall in a letter to Alfred Gordon. "D. C. Scott." she wrote, "seems to me to have done some of the best Canadian poetry—purely and naturally so—that ever has been done; such things as *Half-Breed Girl* and *Night Burial in the Forest* will one day stand very high." Dr. Scott was a close friend and the literary executor of Archibald Lampman. He was Honorary Secretary of the Royal Society of Canada from 1911 to 1921, and President in the latter year. He is the author of *John Graves Simcoe,* in the Makers of Canadian Literature Series, and of *The Witching Elspie,* a book of short stories, published in 1923. In 1894 he married Miss Belle W. Botsford, daughter of George W. Botsford, of Boston, Mass. He resides at 108 Lisgar Street, Ottawa.

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FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT, C.M.G., D.S.O., who has been called "The Poet of the Laurentians," was born in Montreal, April 7, 1861. His father, the late Dr. W. E. Scott, was Professor of Anatomy at McGill University. Deciding to enter the Anglican ministry, he was ordained priest in England in 1886, and, crossing to England, ministered during that and the following year as curate at Coggeshall. Returning to Canada, we find him rector at Drummondville, P.Q., 1887-8; curate and then rector of St. Matthews, Quebec, 1896; later appointed Canon of Holy Trinity Cathedral, in the latter City, and in the spring of the present year Archdeacon of Quebec. Those who know him intimately —and officers and men alike of the Canadian Corps will bear ready witness to this—say that he is of an absolutely fearless nature. We are, therefore, not surprised to find him rewarded with the gold medal of the Humane Society in 1898 for saving a man from drowning in the St. Lawrence River. His ardent patriotic spirit prompted him to offer his services to the Government on the outbreak of war in 1914.

He was appointed chaplain to the first contingent of the C.E.F., and in September of 1915 became Senior Chaplain of the First Division, which rank he held to the close of the War. By his courage, his kindly spirit, and his self-sacrificing devotion to duty he won the respect and affection of the entire Division, by whom he became known as "the beloved padre." His experiences and observations during those strenuous years were later embodied in a book entitled *The Great War as I Saw It.* He holds an honored place in the front rank of our Canadian poets—one of the group of 1861—a writer and a man whom any people might be proud to acclaim as their own.

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Joseph Medlicott Scriven was born at Seapatrick (later known as Bambridge), Co. Down, Ireland, September 10, 1819. He was the son of Capt. John Scriven and Jane Medlicott, his wife. After graduating from Trinity College, Dublin, he entered the Addiscombe Military College, in the south of England, with the intention of qualifying for the East India Company's service. A profound change in his religious convictions at this time led to the abandonment of that ambition, and in 1844 he sailed for Canada. Here he maintained himself by teaching, much of the time as private tutor—in which capacity he served for some years in the family of Commander Pengelly, a retired naval officer settled near Bewdley, on the shores of Rice Lake. His first home in Canada was in Woodstock, whence he moved to Brantford, where for a time he conducted a private school. It was here that the hymn which has immortalized him, *What a Friend we have in Jesus,* in its original form as shown in our engraving, was written. It was set to music by Charles Crozat Converse. a noted American composer. Scriven was a zealous member of the Plymouth Brethren communion. His life is declared by those who knew him to have been one of apostolic ministry. While living in Port Hope he did a great deal of street preaching. A collection of his verse, entitled *Hymns and Other Verses,* was published in Peterboro in 1869. He died near Bewdley on the 10th of August, 1886, and was buried in the Pengelly burying-plot, where, on May 24, 1920, a granite monument to his memory was unveiled by the then Premier of the Province, Hon. E. C. Drury, in the presence of a large concourse of people.

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Robert William Service, "the Poet of the Yukon," was born in Preston, England (his father of Scottish, his mother of English birth), in 1876. He was educated at Glasgow University and came to Canada with his parents in 1896. Seized with the wander-lust, as he describes it, he made his way to the Pacific Coast and wandered from city to city until he finally found himself in a branch of the Bank of Commerce at White Horse, in the Yukon. It was here that most of the poems of his first volume, *Songs of a Sourdough,* were written. The instant and unparalleled success of that book, which surprised nobody more than the author himself, prompted him to continue to explore the new and rich field he had opened, and the first book was soon followed by *Ballads of a Cheechako,* which, like its predecessor, pictures the scenes attendant on the rush to the

Yukon gold-fields. His later books for the most part have other themes. He served in the Transport Service in the Great War, which gave him material for his *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man.* Though his books of verse have reached a sale far in excess of half a million copies, Service seems to be turning his attention now rather to the production of novels. He married in France at the close of the War and is living in Paris.

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VIRGINIA (Virna) SHEARD was born in Cobourg, the daughter of Eldridge Stanton, whose people originally were from the State of Virginia, where they settled in 1635. After the Colonies had gained their independence this branch of the Stanton family removed to Upper Canada and settled in Northumberland County. Mr. Stanton's father was the first white child born within the limits of the present Town of Cobourg. His mother's family also settled near that town. They were from New England, and were of the well-known Phillips family, of Boston, of which Wendell Phillips, the famous abolitionist orator, was one of several distinguished members. Mrs. Sheard was educated in Toronto and at a private school in Cobourg. She married Dr. Charles Sheard (now representing Toronto South in the Dominion House), who was connected with Trinity University, and also sometime Medical Health Officer of Toronto. They have four sons, all of whom served in the Great War, three of them overseas. In addition to three rather slender volumes of verse of undoubted quality, she is the author of several popular novels, among them *A Maid of Many Moods, By the Queen's Grace, The Man at Love Lake,* and *The Golden Apple Tree,* the latter a collection of fairy stories contributed originally to English, Canadian and American magazines. Mrs. Sheard's writings have in them the power to charm alike the youthful and mature reader. She will soon have ready for publication another collection of her poems.

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GOLDWIN SMITH was born at Reading, England, August 23, 1823. His distinguished career in the world of letters is so well-known as to need no elaboration here. After filling the chair of Regius Professor of History in Oxford University, he crossed the Atlantic to lecture on English Constitutional History in Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y. He came to Canada in 1871, married the widow of D'Arcy Boulton, and made his home with her at "The Grange," most famous of Toronto's historic residences, head-centre in its time of the Family Compact. From this time on until his death—June 7, 1910—Prof. Goldwin Smith devoted himself to journalistic and literary work, with much time given to charitable and philanthropic activities. His comments on the affairs of the day, expressed in faultless English, found a vehicle in the *Weekly Sun,* over the pen-name of "The Bystander," and undoubtedly exercised an important influence on the movements of his time. His one-time advocacy of Annexation made him for a time a rather unpopular figure in Canadian life, but this feeling had practically passed away before his death. He had earned, as he well merited, universal respect.

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ALBERT ERNEST STAFFORD SMYTHE, journalist and poet, was born at Gracehill, Co. Antrim, Ireland, December 27, 1861. He set out at the age of eighteen to try his fortunes in the United States, and suffered shipwreck on the voyage over, with the loss of all his belongings. After some years in Chicago he came to Canada, in 1889, as agent for a Chicago house. After five years thus occupied he took up journalism. He introduced Theosophy into Canada, was first President of the Canadian Society, published and edited a journal entitled *The Lamp* to propagate its tenets, and lectured extensively in the United States and Canada on Theosophic themes. For some years he was on the editorial staff of the Toronto *World,* but left before it had ceased publication to do special editorial work for the Hamilton *Spectator,* though continuing to reside in Toronto, with occasional travelling lecture tours.

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ROBERT JAMES CAMPBELL STEAD was born at Middleville, Ont., September 4, 1880, but spent most of his early life in the Canadian West. After trying his fortunes in turn at farming, clerking, running a steam-engine in an elevator, journalism (Cartwright and Crystal City, Man., 1898-1910), and selling automobiles, he entered the service of the C.P.R. as publicity agent. The experience gained during eight years at the latter work gained for him his present post as Director of Publicity in the Department of Immigration, Ottawa. In addition to his books of verse he is author of several popular stories of Western life—*The Bail Jumper, The Homesteader, The Cow Puncher, Neighbors,* etc.

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ARTHUR JOHN ARBUTHNOT STRINGER was born at Chatham, Ont., February 26, 1874. His father was a captain on the Great Lakes. He was educated at Toronto and Oxford universities. and began his carecr as a journalist on the Montreal *Herald,* leaving that paper to take up editorial work with the American Press Association. Though it was his verse which first gave him standing as a writer of note, he has turned from this in recent years to the writing of novels. His "Prairie" stories—*Wife, Mother, Child*—have had a wide sale. He promises himself that when present contracts are completed he will return to his first love. An enthusiastic American critic says of him: "Mr. Stringer's genius is as clear and fine as sunshine on a waste of creaming ocean waves." He recently left his farm at Cedar Springs, Ontario, to make an inviting home for himself at Mountain Lakes, N.J.

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EDWARD ALAN SULLIVAN is a son of the late Right Reverend Edward Sullivan, Bishop of Algoma, and was born in Montreal, Nov. 29th, 1868. In 1869 his father was called from Old St. George's Church, that City, to the rectorship of Trinity Church, Chicago, where he ministered for ten years, and then returned to Montreal to become rector of St. George's. In 1883 he was appointed Missionary Bishop of Algoma and took his family with him into what was then

practically a wilderness, taking up his residence at Sault Ste. Marie. When fourteen years of age Alan was sent to Loretto School, near Edinburgh, Scotland, where he became a football enthusiast. In 1887 he entered the School of Practical Science, Toronto University, and soon won a place on the football team, but in his second year met with an accident which resulted in concussion of the brain. The two following years were spent in the quiet of the woods of Northern Ontario, where health was regained and love of Nature deepened by contact with the myriad beauties of that picturesque region. Adopting engineering as his profession, he for some time engaged in railway exploration in the West. When Francis Clergue, that man of prescient vision, conceived the idea of harnessing the rapids at Sault Ste. Marie to drive the machinery of steel and pulp mills, he engaged the young engineer to assist him in his projects. It was the experiences of the latter at this time and place which gave him the foundation for his striking novel *The Rapids,* which was published in 1920. Later he held for several years the position of Mechanical Superintendent of Gutta Percha and Rubber, Ltd. When the War broke out he enlisted in the Flying Corps and was given a commission in the Royal Air Force. On his return to Canada he wrote a history of Aviation in Canada. In 1921 he went to live in England, where he has since devoted himself to writing. Among his books not already mentioned are *The Passing of Oul-i-But"* (1913), *The Inner Door* (1917), *Brother Eskimo* (1921), *The Jade God* (1924), *A Man's Work* and *The Birthmark.*

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Archibald Sullivan (a younger brother of Alan) was born at "Bishophurst," the Episcopal residence, Sault Ste. Marie, August 20th, 1885. The music of the waters of Lake Superior in their wild rush over the rapids was the first sound to greet his ear. His impressionable mind during those early years drank in the beauties everywhere about him to be given out later in unforgetable verse. He, too, for a time attended Loretto School, but delicate health put an early stop to his studies. When but sixteen years of age he went to live in New York, and in the following year the *Literary Digest* proclaimed him as a new poet when his *Jewel Songs* was published. In 1903 he joined his family when they removed to England, and the next ten years were spent by him in London, writing for the leading magazines. One of his stories, *The Scarlet Petal,* published in *The Bystander,* called forth an angry protest from D'Annunzio, the famous Italian poet, who exclaimed against a writer copying so closely his style, etc., though the fact was that the supposed culprit had never even heard of his supposed model. Sullivan returned to New York in 1913, and employed his few remaining years in writing prose and poetry. He died July 3rd, 1919. *Town Topics* in announcing his death remarked: "Archibald Sullivan was one of the most brilliant young poets that ever came to New York, and it was our privilege to practically discover him and launch him in the literary world of Gotham. His sudden death was a shock and untimely, as it cut him off long before his great talent had time to fructify."

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Eve Brodlique Summers, author and journalist, is the daughter of Frederick Cornish Brodlique, formerly of Cornwall, England. She was born in Canada in 1867, and acquired her education partly here and partly in England and the United States. Adopting journalism as her profession, she became one of the best-known newspaper women on the Continent. During three sessions of the Dominion House she represented the London *Advertiser* in the press gallery. Transferring her activities to the United States in 1894, she became woman editor of the Chicago *Times-Herald,* which post she held brilliantly for a number of years. In 1897 she was elected President of the Chicago Press League, and in the same year represented her paper at the Queen's Diamond Jubilee in London. In 1899 she married Mr. L. L. Summers. One child is the result of the union, a son at present attending Yale University. Mrs. Summers resides at "Summerslea," a beautiful estate on Long Island.

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Frances Beatrice Taylor, daughter of Robert Leslie Taylor and Mollie Chipman Smith (Taylor) was born in Brussels, Huron County, Ontario. She is of Irish ancestry on her father's side, and of New England Puritan stock on her mother's. Her great-grandfather William Taylor, onetime tutor to the Viceroy's sons at Dublin Castle, came to Canada about 1828 and took up land in Middlesex County for his family of sons. He founded and taught a boys' Grammar School in London, one of the first educational institutions in the district. Our future poet came with her family to London in 1906, and after serving at clerical work in Government offices during the War joined the staff of the London *Free Press,* in 1919, as editor of the Woman's Department, a position she still holds. Her education was acquired entirely under her father's tuition. While not himself a poet, his consuming love of verse led to the cultivation of a similar taste in his daughter, who feels that any success she has had is largely due to the training thus received. Miss Taylor's poem *The Pioneer* won the Dominion prize in the Arts and Letters Club contest. She has written a number of short plays and is the author of a prose volume entitled *The Song of Korthan,* published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, of Chicago.

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Hartley Munro Thomas, son of Rev. Ernest Thomas, D.D., Field Secretary of the Department of Evangelism and Social Service of the (former) Methodist Church, was born in Montreal, March 4, 1897. Graduating from Queen's University, Kingston, he secured a scholarship at Harvard (M.A.). Offered a position on the faculty of Wesley College, Winnipeg, he lectured there for a year, when he was awarded the Austin Fellowship for research at Harvard, and the next year was awarded the I.O.D.E. Scholarship for Ontario, giving him a special post-graduate course at Oxford, where he continued making a specialty of research work in Colonial history and government. He served in the War with the infantry until after Vimy Ridge, when he was transferred to the Royal Air Force.

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Edward William Thomson, civil engineer, novelist, poet and political writer, was born in the Township of Toronto, Peel County, Ont., February 12, 1849. He came of fighting ancestry, one of his grandfathers, Parshall Terry, having campaigned with Butler's Rangers of Revolutionary fame; the other grandsire, Edward William Thomson, was with Brock at Detroit and Queenston Heights, and received the Detroit medal, which passed on to the grandson, our poet, and was in turn passed on by him to his grandson. While yet only sixteen he fought in the Northern cavalry, in the Army of the Potomac, in 1865. When the Fenian troubles arose he joined the Queen's Own Rifles and served with that regiment at Ridgeway. After a few years spent in his profession as a civil engineer, he accepted an invitation from Hon. George Brown to join the staff of the Toronto *Globe,* and during the years 1885-91 was chief editorial writer on that paper. He left the *Globe* to take the editorship of *Youth's Companion,* Boston, in which he continued for eleven years. Returning to Canada in 1920, he took up his residence in Ottawa, engaging in general literary work and acting as press correspondent for the Boston *Transcript.* He was a close friend and adviser of Sir Wilfred Laurier. He wrote few books, but achieved a high reputation as a writer. George Murray considered him without a rival as a writer of short stories. His best work in this line is embodied in *Old Man Savarin and Other Stories.* published in 1895. As a journalist he was noted for his independent views. Vigorously supporting Laurier in 1911, he gave as whole-hearted support to Borden when Canada entered the Great War. He died in Boston, March 6, 1924.

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Bernard Freeman Trotter, son of the Rev. Prof. Thomas Trotter, of McMaster University, was born in Toronto, June 16th, 1890. When he was five years old his father removed with his family to Wolfville, Nova Scotia, to assume the presidency of Acadia University. Bernard received his education successively in Horton Academy, Woodstock (Ont.) College, and McMaster University. His health giving way under too close application to his studies, he left college and spent three years recuperating in California. Returning to Canada and to McMaster in 1910, he resumed his studies and took a prominent part in college life—one year editing *McMaster University Monthly,* in which magazine several of his earlier poems were published. His experiences in California had created in him the desire to return there, and he was on the eve of accepting an attractive offer when the War broke out. He at once entered the Officers' Training Corps and trained assiduously until his graduation from college. In 1916 he received a commission in the Imperial Army, crossed to France in December, and was killed by an explosive shell on the night of May 7th, 1917. His commanding officer describes him as "an officer of great promise . . . . one of the coolest men I have ever seen under shell-fire." Bernard Trotter, alike in character, in temperament, and in talent, was a true congener with such choice spirits as Rupert Brooke, Allan Seager, John McCrae, and Joyce Kilmer. The death of such brings home to one with vivid reality the terrible cost of war.

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JOHN FRUSHARD WADDINGTON, son of the late Dr. Frank Waddington, of Leeds, England, was born in that City, July 22nd, 1883, and came to Canada in 1907. He has made his home successively in Calgary, Alberta; Westmeath, Ontario; Maniwaki and Montreal, Quebec, and in Ottawa, where he now resides. He is an accountant in the Civil Service. Joining the Canadian Expeditionary Force, he went overseas in 1915, and served in France and Belgium from March 1916 to February 1917, when he was invalided home after having attained the rank of captain and acting as paymaster of his battalion.

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AILEEN WARD, while not yet represented save by anthologies on Canadian library shelves, has by her contributions in verse and prose to the magazines and daily press established a very considerable reputation. She was born in Kent County, Ontario, of Canadian parents who, on both sides, traced descent from the Irish aristocracy. She was educated in the Courtright Public School and the Sarnia Collegiate Institute. The charm of her published verses attracted the attention of the late Hon. W. J. Hanna, who in 1911 offered her a place in the Registrar-General's office in Toronto, where she has since continued, devoting her leisure hours to literary work. While Miss Ward's poetry does not show uniform excellence, it at times reaches a standard which proclaims the true artist.

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ALBERT DURRANT WATSON, L.R.C.P. (Edin.), was born at Dixie, Peel County, Ontario, Jan. 8, 1859. He was educated in Toronto and Edinburgh, graduated in medicine in 1883, and is still practising his profession in Toronto. His artistic and scientific interests include poetry, astronomy, and psychology. Besides six volumes of poetry, ten prose works have issued from his pen. Among the latter are *The Sovereignty of Character, Three Comrades of Jesus,* and *Robert Norwood,* in the "Makers of Canadian Literature" Series. His *Three Comrades* is in H. R. Allenson's London series of "Heart and Life Booklets," which includes works by Browning, St. Francis, Fenelon, Phillips Brooks, Madame Guyon, etc. He is the author of a popular setting of words to the music of *O Canada.* Two volumes of a critical and biographical nature have already been written of him. In one of these (*Albert Durrant Watson,* in the "Makers" series) Dr. Lorne Pierce pronounces Watson's recently published *Poetical Works* "a beautiful and substantial volume which ought to establish him securely among the great names of our native literature."

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AGNES ETHELWYN WETHERALD, sweet singer of the trees and flowers and little children, is a daughter of the late Rev. William Wetherald, founder and Principal of the Rockwood Academy, a famous school which has numbered among its students such well-known men as J. J. Hill, the railway magnate, Hon. A. S. Hardy, Archibald MacMurchy and Sir Adam Beck. Within the walls of the Academy our poet was born, April 26, 1857. A few years later her father accepted a call to the principalship of Haverford College, near Philadelphia.

She became a paid contributor to the press while yet only sixteen, but her first book of verse, *The House of the Trees*, was not published until 1896. She was associated for a time with Charles Dudley Warner in the compilation of the "World's Best Literature" series, and later was assistant editor of the *Ladies Home Journal*. Returning to Canada, she made her home at "The Tall Evergreens," near the village of Fenwick, in Welland County, where she still lives and writes, "adding to her gifts of insight, joy and sympathy," as Dr. O'Hagan happily expresses it, "an unfailing lyric poignancy." None of our poets exhibits more ecstatic delight in the beauties of nature, none sings more joyously than our author of *The Radiant Road* and *Tree Top Mornings*. There is much in this latest volume of hers to remind one of Eugene Field. Several of her poems have been incorporated in school-readers in Ontario and other of our provinces. A contemporary, Miss Marjory MacMurchy, writes of her: "Besides writing nature poetry Miss Wetherald sings human songs which have a note of dauntless courage and cheer. Love, death, life, the body, the soul, are all miracles and mysteries, but the singer in the depths of her being is unafraid, and this constantly is the burden of her song."

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Anne Elizabeth Wilson has brought into the Canadian choir a voice—a potent and alluring voice—from the great land which lies beyond our southern borders. She is the daughter of Robert Burns Wilson, the poet-painter of Virginia and Kentucky, and was born in Frankfort, in the latter State, November 28th, 1901. She is a granddaughter of William Jackson Hendrick, former Attorney-General of Kentucky, and is a second cousin of Thomas Nelson Page, the Southern novelist. Her education was acquired at the Convents of the Sacred Heart and Holy Child, New York, the Model School and Erasmus Hall, Brooklyn, and Barnard College, New York. She seems to have had a literary bent from early childhood, taking a prize for a short story in *McCall's Magazine* when she was only ten years old. In her early teens she studied seriously for the stage, but delicate health obliged her to forego that career. She then turned her attention to literary work. Her poems and stories have appeared in the well-known literary magazines of both countries. In the fall of 1924 her first book of poems, *Eager Footsteps*, appeared in Canada, the United States and England. Of the book Dr. J. D. Logan remarks: "On the whole, or even through and through, *Eager Footsteps* is rare psychology, rare art and rare beauty—a wholly novel and lovely contribution to modern poetry."

The End.